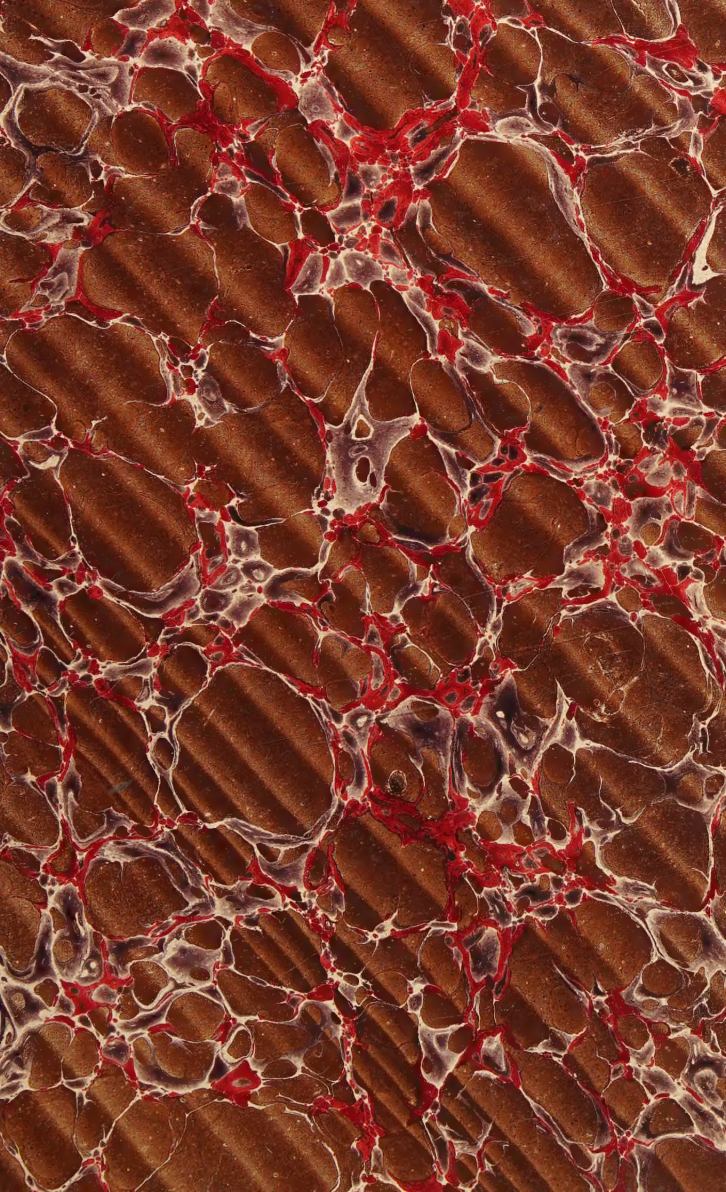

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POEMS

BY

JAMES BALLANTINE.

EDINBURGH: THOMAS CONSTABLE AND CO.

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MDCCCLVI.

EDINBURGH : T. CONSTABLE, PRINTER TO HER MAJESTY.

TO

CHARLES DICKENS.

DEAR FRIEND, WHOSE GENIAL MIND
AND GRAPHIC PEN
IN JOY AND SORROW BIND
THY FELLOW-MEN,

WHOSE HEART HATH IN ITS CORE
HUMANITY!
THIS GIFT—WOULD IT WERE MORE—
I OFFER THEE.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

EDINBURGH, FEBRUARY 1856.

C 179

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POEMS.

THE SNAWY KIRKYARD.

A' NATURE lay dead, save the cauld whistlin' blast
That chilled the bleak earth to the core as it passed,
And heaved in high ridges the thick chokin' drift
That cam in wreathed swirls frae the white marled lift,
And winter's wild war, wearied baith heart and ee,
As we warsled richt sair ower the drear muirland lea,
And our feet skyted back on the road freezing hard,
As we wended our way to the Snawy Kirkyard.

O! snelly the hail smote the skeleton trees
That shivering shrunk in the grasp o' the breeze,
Nor birdie, nor beast, could the watery ee scan,
A' were cowerin' in corners, save grief-laden man;

Tho' the heart may be broken, the best mann be spared
To mak up a wreath in the Snawy Kirkyard.

The wee Muirland Kirk, whar the pure Word o' God
Mak's warm the cauld heart, and mak's light the lang road.
The slee hill-side yill-house, whaur lasses meet lads,
Whaur herds leave their collies, and lairds tie their yauds,
Kirk-bell and house riggin', the white drift has squared,
But there's ae yawning grave in the Snawy Kirkyard.

Through a' the hale parish, nae Elder was known
That was likit by a' like my grandfather John,
And drear was that day when we bore him awa',
Wi' his gowd stores o' thought, and his hadlits o' snaw;
I was then a wee callant, rose-cheek'd and gowd-hair'd,
When I laid his auld pow in the Snawy Kirkyard.

And aye when I think on thae times lang gane by,
Saft thoughts soothe my soul, and sweet tears dim my eye.
And I see the auld man, as he clapp'd my wee head,
While a sigh heaved his breast, for my faither lang dead;
He nursed me, he schooled me,—how can I regard
But wi' warm-gushing heart tears, a Snawy Kirkyard?

In soothing sad sorrow, in calming mad mirth,
His breath, like the south wind, strewed balm ower the earth,

And weary souls laden wi' grief aft were driven
To seek comfort frae him, wha aye led them to Heaven,
O! sweet were the seeds sown, and rich was the braird
That sprung frae that stock in the Snawy Kirkyard.

Now age wi' his hoar-frost has crispit my pow,
And my locks, ance sae gowden, are silvery now,
And tho' I hae neither high station nor power,
I hae health for my portion, and truth for my dower,
And my hand hath been open, my heart hath been free,
To dry up the tear-draps frae sorrow's dull ee,
And mony puir bodies my awmrie hae shared,
'Twas my counsel frae him in the Snawy Kirkyard.

NAEBODY'S BAIRN.

She was Naebody's Bairn, she was Naebody's Bairn.
She had mickle to thole, she had mickle to learn.
Afore a kind word or kind look she could earn,
For naebody cared about Naebody's Bairn.

Tho' faither or mither ne'er owned her ava,
Tho' reared by the fremmit for fee unca sma',
She grew in the shade like a young lady-fern;
For Nature was bounteous to Naebody's Bairn.

Tho' toited by some, and tho' lightlied by mair,
She never compleened, tho' her young heart was sair;
And warm virgin tears that might melted cauld airn
Whiles glist in the blue ee o' Naebody's Bairn.

Though nane cheered her childhood, an' nane hailed her birth,
Heaven sent her an angel to gladden the earth;

And when the earth doomed her in laigh nook to dern,
Heaven couldna but tak again "Naebody's Bairn."

She cam smiling sweetly as young mornin' daw,
Like lown simmer gloamin' she faded awa,
And lo! how serenely that lone e'enin' starn
Shines on the green sward that haps Naebody's Bairn!

A SON TO HIS MOTHER.

Mine ain wee, mensefu', mindfu' minny,
Sae couthy, kindly, cosh, an' canny,
Just sit ye still a wee, an' dinna
Tent your ain callant,
Until he sketch your picture in a
Wee hamely ballant.

There sit ye on your creepy stool,
Weel clad wi' flannen-coat an' cowl;
While simmering by the chumley jowl
Sits your tea-patty,
An' at your feet wi' kindly yowl,
Whurrs your wee catty.

And when the simmer comes wi' flowers,
On the door-stap thou sits for hours,
An' ilka birdie round thee cowers,
Cock, hen, an' chickens,
While wi' an open hand thou showers
Them walth o' pickin's.

An' tho' ye now are frail an' doited,
Your back sair bowed, your pace sair toyted,
Langsyne to ilka ploy invited,
Your queenly air
Made a' your neighbour dames sair spited
At tryst or fair.

On Sunday, when the kirk-bell's jow
Set ilka haly heart a-lowe,
To the auld kirk ye wont to row,
Toddlin' wi' me,
Aye welcomed by the Elder's bow
An' Pastor's ee.

Thou'st been to me my mair than mither,—
Mither and Faither baith thegither;
In days o' dearth thou didna swither
To scrimp thy coggie,
To schule an' cleed as weel's anither,
Thy wee wild roguie.

While manhood's vigour nerves my arm,
While in my breast life's blood rins warm,
Frae ilka danger, skaith, or harm
I'll keep thee free,
Till death shall break the mystic charm
An' close thine ee!

LAMENT FOR ANCIENT EDINBURGH.

Come listen, cronies, ane an' a',
While on my dowie reed I blaw;
And mourn the sad untimely fa'
O' our auld toun,
Whilk, spite o' justice, sense, an' law,
They're dingin' down.

Auld streets and closes, wynds and houses,
The scenes o' mony genial bouzes,
Whaur Burns an' Ramsay woo'd the Muses
In days lang past,
Wi' sacrilegious dunts an' bruises
Are fa'ing fast.

Our city wa's, wi' yetts sae stout,
That keepit midnight reivers out,
And saved our sires frae mony a bout
O' southern foe,
To hain us twa three staps about
Are now laid low.

The ancient Krames whaur weanies tottit,
Whaur a' wee wairdless callants trottit,
Though scantly fed, an' scrimply coatit,
To spend their a'
On dirlin' drums or ba's that stottit
Against the wa'.

Whaur wee lead penny watches glanced,
Whaur wee pig penny horses pranced,
Whaur crowds o' bairnies gazed entranced
A' round in rings,
While timmer tumblers swung an' danced
On horse-hair strings.

An' bawbee Dalls the fashions apit,
Sae rosy cheekit, jimpy shapit,
An' wee bit lassies gazed an' gapit
Wi' mouth an' ee,
Till frae their mithers they had scrapit
The prized bawbee.

The City Guard sae proud an' dorty,
Brave remnant o' the twa-and-forty,
Wad gie their Highland beaks a snortie
And ban in Earse,
Then sally forth in warlike sortie
Right bauld an' fierce.

Rogues aye gat aff for draps o' liquor,
But callants aye were keepit sicker;
Wae fa' them puir things at a bicker,
Unless they watch'd it,
And reckless bolted a' the quicker,
I trow they catch'd it.

Wow, but "ta guard," were brisk an' braw.
Their begnets glancing in a raw,
But now, puir bodies, they're awa,
Let's drap a tear;
Death's gi'en our teugh auld friends a ca'—
He'll soon come here.

The auld Wast Bow sae steep an' crookit,
Whaur mony cozy dens were coukit,
Whaur beggars hoosed, an' blackguards joukit
Frae law's keen grup,
Whaur daidlin bodies sat an' souket
Hale puncheons up.

Whaur bawbee pies wee callants moupit,
Whaur drucken dumbies skirled an' whoopit,
Whaur ballant singers, hoarse and roopit,
Proclaim'd dread war
Wi' preachers, wha, without a poopit,
Held furth 'mang glaur.

Whaur tinklers rang their earthen muggies,
Whaur stands were cramm'd wi' wudden luggies,
Whaur scarlet cats and sky-blue doggies
Stood brawly spattit,
Whaur callants wi' white mice an' puggies
Like hares lay squattit.

An' there were frail auld men, knee-breekit,
Wi' mumlin' tongues an' een half steekit,
Wha daunnerit on thegither cleekit
To some lown beild,
And in the sunshine sat an' beekit
Their healthy eild.

A wean I striddled on their backs,
A callant joined their forenoon walks,
An' humour'd a' their auld knick-knacks
Right leal an' kind,
While wi' Auld Reekie's choicest cracks
They stored my mind.

The howffs whaur a' thae arts grew great in,
Whaur a' thae worthies held their state in,
Whaur worn-out wights fand snug retreat in,
Frae wranglin' spouse,
Hae felt the heavy hand o' fate on
Their hoary pows.

Nae ferlie though I mak my mane
For thae black smeekit wa's now gane,
Linkit an' twined round every stane
Is some auld notion,
That drives my bluid through ilka vein
Wi' wild emotion.

THE AULD ELBOW-CHAIR.

O SEE ye yon cot on the edge o' the muir,
Whaur a' things look couthie, tho' a' things look puir,
Whaur barefitted lassies amang the green braes,
In the wee gushing burn ringe their siller-white claes;
Whaur bluff callants gump out the red freckled trout,
And snug on yon knowe lies the lazy herd lout,
While an auld tidie wifie to pree the fresh air,
Sits at the cot-door in an auld Elbow-Chair.

Twa trees fauld their arms ower the auld gable tap,
Like friends gieing ither a bien cozy hap;
A wee whitened bole through the green leaves is seen,
Whaur mony saft story's been whisper'd at e'en;
Auld Crummie's snug byre, and wee Grumphie's bit stye.
Though biggit ahint, yet ye needna rin bye,
They're tidy and sonsy, sae keek ye in there,
While I gaze on her in the auld Elbow-Chair.

O there did I nestle, and there did I climb,
Wi' short dookit cheekit and round dumpy limb.
An' while our four arms were around itlier's necks,
And our four een were glowrin' through ae pair o' specks,
And our four lips were lowin' wi' kisses o' love,
And our twa hearts were lit wi' a lowe frae above;
Oh then was there kissing and blessing to spare,
A warm nest o' love was that auld Elbow-Chair.

Syne when I gat breekums and gaed to the school,
How proud was my grannie that I proved nae fool,
But brought hame a prize-book and ettled to teach,
Syne clam to the chair-back and minted to preach;
While neebour bairns gather'd around our bien hearth,
Her ee glistened bright as she joined in their mirth:
But brighter at e'en when she wished in her prayer,
I might rise to a peopit frae that Elbow-Chair.

Wi' a warm bounding breast could I kneel at her feet,
And, big burly loun, like a bairn could I greet;
But sic sudden transports her heart-strings might crack,
Gin trowing her grandson in life had come back,
The pride o' her heart, and the light o' her ee—
What evil ee wiled me awa to the sea,
To leave the kind heart to the warld's icy care,
That nursed my young days in that auld Elbow-Chair.

Oh! hard has my fate been, and chequer'd my lot,
But these stirring heart-scenes were never forgot,
In roar of the whirlwind, in lull of the breeze,
'Mid snow-crested billows and dark-bosom'd seas;
When sinking desponding 'mid tempest and storm,
Still through the deep gloom shone in brightness that form.
And beckon'd me hameward; then is nae it fair
I should tend her auld days in her auld Elbow-Chair?

THE OLD CHURCH ROAD.

Tread yon straggling pathway, seen
Peeping through the hedgerows green,
By the arching willows shaded,
By the briar and bramble braided,
Where the chequering sunbeams throw
Fretted network down below,
Glistening 'mid the velvet sod,
Woven o'er the Old Church Road.

Hanging footpaths, creeping flowers,
Laugh in sun and weep in showers,
Yellow whins and bells of blue
Mingle with the turf's green hue;
While the thistle in his pride
Woos the wild rose by his side:
Love and Peace have blest abode
In the quiet Old Church Road.

Cross yon ancient Roman bridge,
Mark its solitary ridge;

'Mid its rent and tottering walls
Trees spring, while the structure falls:
So Rome lies in ruins grey,
While old Scotia blooms like May;
Here her heroes dauntless strode,
Freedom kept the Old Church Road.

Leave the streamlet's silver tide;
Now we'll climb the green hill-side,
Winding up our wooded way,
Peeping through our covert gay,
Glints of blue in sky and burn
Woo our eye at every turn;
Fancy's fairy feet ne'er trode
Pathway like the Old Church Road.

Now we near the Old Churchyard,
Where amid the long rank sward
Graves are sinking, stones are crumbling,
Monuments and aisles are tumbling;
Waving trees with moaning sound
Sigh like weeping mourners round,
Shading those who wont to plod
Weekly by the Old Church Road.

Now the Gothic pile appears,
Green with moss, and gray with years;

Knight and baron, bold and free,
Here have humbly bent the knee;
Priest and Monk have chanted praise,
Knox hath sung his fervid lays:
Warm hearts, panting after God,
Hallow still the Old Church Road.

See yon Elder hoary grown,
Tend the Widow as his own,
And the blooming youthful pair
Knit more close in mutual prayer;
What though cold-eyed age may see
Childhood in unbridled glee;
Wisdom his grey head may nod,
Children love the Old Church Road.

Thus while Love lies slumbering mild
In this sweet sequester'd wild,
Let us rest on this old stile,
Let us stay our thoughts a while,
Let us mingle heart and eye
With the holy lullaby,
Let us chant our peaceful Ode
'Mid the quiet Old Church Road.

Hail, sweet goddess, gentle Peace!
May War's deadly reign soon cease;

Crown'd in glory, soon may'st thou
Twine the olive round his brow :
Soon may foolish man be free
From all bonds, save Love and Thee ;
Truth, thy harbinger, abroad,
Make the earth one sweet Church Road.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

The bonnie, bonnie bairn, sits pokin' in the ase,
Glowerin' in the fire wi' his wee round face;
Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe—what sees he there?
Ha! the young dreamer 's biggin' castles in the air!

His wee chubby face, an' his touzy curly pow,
Are laughin' an' noddin' to the dancin' lowe,
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,
Glowrin' at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towerin' to the moon,
He sees little sodgers pu'in' them a' doun;
Warlds whomling up an' down, bleezin' wi' a flare,
Losh! how he loups, as they glimmer in the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinkin' upon naething, like mony mighty men,
A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,—
There are mair folk than him biggin' castles in the air

Sic a night in winter may weel mak him cauld;
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak him auld;
His brow is brent sae braid, oh pray that Daddy Care
Wad let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.

He'll glower at the fire, an' he'll keek at the light;
But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up by Night;
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,
Hearts are broken—heads are turned—wi' castles in the air.

THE DAGGY DAY.

The pale sun glints ower the heigh black houses
  Wi' a hazy brow, an' a drumlie ee;
The cauld clud o' sleet dissolves an' oozes
  Through a' the abodes o' chill penury:
  The bare-fitted bairnies, hardy an' wee,
Tot ower the causey, sae slippy an' daggy,
  Wi' grannie's wee pickle sugar an' tea,
Or the sour-milk can, an' sma' meal baggy—
Alack! but the stock is e'en scrimpit an' scraggy.

The sun has gane down, he downa appear,
  An' even the daylight snoozing dozes;
Puir shiverin' wretches, meagre an' drear,
  Stand at the taps o' the laigh-brow'd closes;
  An' tears, a' dyed wi' yestreen's fause roses,
Their sallow faces trickle adown:
  While her wiles an' wants, lean Vice discloses,
In the tatter'd shreds o' each faded gown,
And grim an' ghastly death lurks in each haggard frown.

Frae the lang dark stairs o' each close an' wynd
The beggars come hirplin' an' bauchlin' out;
They fain to be cripple, they fain to be blind,
When ower the doorstane they set their snout;
While some, wha for weeks hae been housed wi' mout,
Get happit in big coat or raughan grey,
An a' set out on their weel huntit rout,
Kennin' few hearts can send them away
Unserved frae their doors on siccan an eerie day.

The day daggles on—an' but few are seen,
Save them wha maun seek a hame in the street;
The jaded coal horses, scranky an' lean,
Are a' droukit through wi' the cauld raw sleet,
Nae wreathing o' smoke tokens inward heat,
But ilka rib sticks through their lank thin hides;
Their red-faced drivers breathe steam through the weet,
That bodes a fire in their drouthy insides,
Wad swallow ocean up, unslaked wi' a' its tides.

In ilka heigh attic, an' laigh dark door,
In ilka slee corner an' shelter'd nook,
Are drowsy faces a' peeping out ower
Wi' surly brow an' wi' girnigo look:
The window gaes up, the head gies a jouk,
Syne doun fa's the sash wi' rickety din;
While some gape an' gaunt, an' some spell a book,

An' some frae their thoughts strive pleasure to win:
But there's little comes out, whaur there's little gaes in.

The day dwines awa', and the night comes on,
  The smeekit sleet fa'in' faster and faster.
Till the wind begins wi' low hollow moan,
  Swelling out to a snoring sou-waster;
  Scotch skies are dour, but the wind their master.
Will clear the stars frae the cluds through the night,
  An' this daggy day will serve to foster
Love for the mornin', all radiant and bright,
That will steek out the darkness, an' let in the light.

An' the sun shall arise ower the gude auld town,
  Wi' a braid brent brow, an' a sparklin' ee:
An' Nature shall wauk frae her winter swoon,
  And the young buds shall prick thro' the steeve auld tree,
  An' the wee birds shall chirp fu' merrily,
An' the weans shall daff in their pranksome play:
  An' the town's sweet face smilin' cheerily,
When kiss'd by the sun, like a bridegroom gay,
Shall blush like blooming bride, upon her bridal day.

Stand proud on thy summit, bold rock-built town,
  Though whiles ower thy beauties dark clouds may lower,
Foul fa' the Scot wha wad whomle thee doun,
  Forgetting thine ancient glory an' power;

The sun blinks bonnily after a shower,
The young wheat peeps green frae among the white snaw
And thou, Edina, sweet Freedom's strong tower,
Art dearer to me ilka time I'm awa',—
Exiled were I frae thee, my heart wad burst in twa.

THE RAINY HARVEST DAY.

Grey-bearded Day nods drowsily,
  Cauld hazy cluds haug ower the plain,
And Nature looks wi' pensive ee
  On rich ripe fields o' gowden grain;
A' droukit heavy louting low,
Like mourners shedding tears o' woe.

The craws in conclave crowd the dyke,
  The sparrows cluster round the barn,
Aneath the cart-shed cowers the tyke,
  Ahint the stooks the poultry dern;
Nor leaf, nor stem, nor bough is stirr'd,
Nor sound is heard o' beast or bird.

Thick vapours gather ower the glens,
  The shaggy hills are veil'd in grey,
The sheep are gather'd in their pens,
  Nae shepherd climbs thae heights to-day;
And browsing 'neath the drowsy trees,
Are cattle clover'd to the knees.

Doun fa's the thick an' grizly weet,
Plout, ploutin', on our auld trough-stane,
The bairnies wi' their raw red feet,
Dance through the drumlie dubs o' rain;
While loaded leaf, an' steekit flower,
Keep joukin' frae the peltin' shower.

Doun pours the rain, doun fa's the grain,
Its gowden tresses press the earth,
Oh! dool and wae, sic harvest day
Gies cause to fear for coming dearth;
And mak's us doubt His high behest,
As if He kenn'd nae what was best.

The shearers listless lounge about
In shed an' stable, barn an' byre,
The anxious farmer 'gins to doubt
Gin e'er the weather will be dryer,
And shakin' slow his touzy head,
Growls, "This is sair to thole indeed."

But noo he taps the weather-glass,
His brow is flush'd—he sees it rise;
Th' excited reapers round him press
Wi' ruddy cheeks an' sparklin' eyes;
And in each strong right hand is seen
A sickle gleaming sharp and keen.

And, lo, the sun streams brightly down,
  The hazy cluds dissolve in air,
While Nature wears a shining crown
  Of glory on her forehead fair;
Hymning anew o'er hill and dale,
"Seed-time and harvest ne'er shall fail."

THE FEEDING SHOWER.

The feeding shower comes brattlin' doun,
The south wind sughs wi' kindly soun',
The auld trees shake their leafy pows,
Young glossy locks dance round their brows,
And leaf and blade, and weed and flower,
A' joyous drink the feeding shower.

The misty clud creeps ower the hill,
And mak's each rut a gurglin' rill,
And tips wi' gowd each auld whin cowe,
And gaurs the heath wi' purple glow,
And sterile rocks, grey, bleak, and dour,
Grow verdant wi' the feeding shower.

The ewes and lambs a' bleat and brouse,
The kye and couts a' dream and drouse,
'Mang grass wha's deep rich velvet green
Is glist a' owre wi' silver sheen,
And birdies churm in ilka bower,
A welcome to the feeding shower.

The soil, a' gizen'd sair before,
Is filled wi' moisture to the core;
Ducks daidlin' in the dubs are seen,
The cawin' corbies crowd the green,
Their beaks are sharp when rain-cluds lower,—
They batten in the feeding shower.

Furth frae their stalks the ears o' grain
Peep sleely, lapping up the rain,
Ilk gowan opes its crimson mou,
And nods, and winks, till droukit fou,
And butter-cups are whomled ower,
Brim-laden wi' the feeding shower.

The drowsy sun as dozed wi' sleep,
Doun through the lift begins to peep,
And, slantin' wide in glist'nin' streams,
The light on bright new verdure gleams,
And Nature, grateful, owns His power
Wha sends the genial feeding shower.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
An' bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm an' tranquil mind,
Though press'd an' hemm'd on every side, hae faith an' ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crost in love, as whiles, nae doubt, ye've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your een,
Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and cludless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature parch'd and dry,
The genial night wi' balmy breath gaurs verdure spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine, we should feel ower proud
an' hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's ee.
Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or
hoo,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

THE DAWN OF MORN.

Morning breaks! my soul, awake!
Light gleams on the rippling lake;
Rocky heights are tipt with gold,
Day's eye peeps o'er heath and wold;
Shadows deep dissolve in grey,
Stern old darkness dies away;
Mind is fill'd with thought new-born,
Gender'd by the dawn of morn.

Flowers ope their dew-charged eyes,
Larks ascend and wake the skies;
Hens are cackling, cocks are crowing,
Sheep are bleating, cattle lowing,
Collies barking, horses neighing,
Pigeons crooing, donkeys braying,
Birds in holly, brake, and thorn,
Hail with song the dawn of morn.

Labour's daily feats begin,
Loud and louder swells the din;
Blacksmiths' hammers clashing ring,
High their flails the threshers swing;
Crash on crash the woodman's stroke
Falls on reeling pine and oak,
While low voices 'mong the corn
Whisper love at dawn of morn.

Ploughmen urge their sturdy steeds
Through the deep green velvet meads,
Follow'd close by fat old crows,
Chuckling o'er their feast jocose;
Housewives poke their smouldering fires,
Milkmaids clatter in their byres,
While afar the hunter's horn
Shrilly hails the dawn of morn.

Nimble feet begin to patter,
Lisping tongues begin to chatter,
Screaming, pouting, plouting, plashing,
Tell of tiny elfins washing;
Clattering spoons, and seething pot,
Speak of breakfast steaming hot,
Grateful to the labour-worn,
Bringing strength with dawn of morn.

Now a lull steals o'er the scene,
All is silent, all serene,
Each aside his bonnet lays,
While the "saint and father" prays;
Hearts are humbled, knees are bent,
Heaven is thank'd for mercies sent:
Such the scenes thy homes adorn,
Scotland dear, at dawn of morn.

THE LAST LAIRD O' THE MINT.

Auld Willie Nairn, the last Laird o' the Mint,
Had an auld-farrant pow, wi' auld-farrant thoughts in't:
There ne'er was before sic a body in print,
As auld Willie Nairn, the last Laird o' the Mint:
Sae list and ye'll find ye hae muckle to learn,
An' ye'd still be but childer to auld Willie Nairn.

Auld Nanse, an auld maid, kept his house clean an' happy
For the body was tidy, though fond o' a drappy;
An' aye when the Laird charged the siller-taed cappy,
That on state occasions made ca'ers aye nappy,
When the bicker gaed round, Nanny aye got a sharin'—
There are unca few masters like auld Willie Nairn.

He'd twa muckle tabbies, ane black an' ane white,
That purr'd at his side, by the fire, ilka night,
And gazed in the ingle wi' sagelike delight,
While he ne'er took a meal but they baith gat a bite
For baith beast an' bodie aye gat their full sairin'—
He could ne'er feed alane, couthy auld Willie Nairn.

He had mony auld queer things, frae far places brought—
He had rusty auld swords whilk Ferrara had wrought—
He had axes, wi' whilk Bruce an' Wallace had fought—
He had auld Roman bauchles, wi' auld bawbees bought;
For aye in the Cowgate, for auld knick-knacks starin',
Day after day daunerit auld Willie Nairn.

His snaw-flaiket locks, and his lang pouther'd queue,
Commanded assent to ilk word frae his mou';
Though a leer in his ee, an' a lirk in his broo,
Made ye ferlie gin he thought his ain stories true;
But he minded o' Charlie when he'd been a bairn,
An' nane had the heart to thraw auld Willie Nairn.

Gin ye speer'd him anent ony auld hoary hoose,
He cockit his head heigh, an' set his staff crouse,
Syne gazed through his specks, till his heart-springs brak loose,
Then, amid tears, in whispers wad scarce wauk a mouse,
He tald ye some tale o't, wad make your heart yearn
To hear mair sic stories frae auld Willie Nairn.

E'en wee snarling dogs gae a kind yowffin bark,
As he dauner't doun closes, baith ourie an' dark;
For he kenn'd ilka doorstane and auld-warld mark,
An' e'en amid darkness his love lit a spark;
An' want vainly pleading wi' hearts hard as airn—
Was heard an' relievit by auld Willie Nairn.

The laddies ran to him to redd ilka quarrel.
An' he souther'd a' up wi' a snap or a farl;
While vice that had daur'd to stain virtue's pure laurel.
Shrunk cow'd frae the glance o' the stalwart auld carl:
For the weak he was wae, wi' the strong he was stern.—
An' dear, dear was honour to auld Willie Nairn.

O! we'll ne'er see his like again, now's he's awa!
There are hunders mair rich, there are thousands mair braw.
But he gae a' his gifts, an' they whiles werena sma'
Wi' a grace made them lichtly on puir shouthers fa':
An' he gae in the dark, when nae rude ee was glarin'—
There was deep-hidden feelin' in auld Willie Nairn.

WIFIE, COME HAME.

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
O but ye're far awa,
Wifie, come hame!
Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy broo,
Come wi' the lown star o' love in thine ee,
Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou',
A' glist wi' balm, like the dew on the lea,
Come wi' the gowd tassels fringin' thy hair,
Come wi' thy rose cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee,
Come wi' thy wee step, and wifie-like air,
O quickly come, and shed blessings on me!

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
O my heart wearies sair,
Wifie, come hame!
Come wi' our love pledge, our dear little dawtie,
Clasping my neck round, an' clamb'rin' my knee;

Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,
Gazing on ilka sweet feature o' thee:
O but the house is a cauld hame without ye,
Lanely and eerie's the life that I dree;
O come awa', an' I'll dance round about ye,
Ye'll ne'er again win frae my arms till I dee.

THE ABSENT FATHER.

"O! MITHER, what tak's my dear faither awa',
When muir and when mountain are heapit wi' snaw,
When thick swirling drift dauds the dead sapless yirth,
And a' thing is drear, but our ain cozie hearth?"

"The young hill-side lammies wad dee wi' the cauld,
Wer't no for your faither, who leads them a-fauld
His voice is weel kenn'd by ilk puir mother ewe—
He's saving their lives while he's toilin' for you."

"Gin e'er I'm man-muckle, and puir faither spared,
I'll mak ye a leddy, and faither a laird;
I'll brave the dour winter on mountain and lea,
And toil for ye baith, wha hae toil'd sae for me."

"Come, lay your wee head on your ain minnie's knee,
And gaze in her face, wi' your ain faither's ee!

The night settles down—O! I wish he were here—
Hush! is na that Collie's wouff?—maybe they're near!"

The door gets a dirl, and flees back to the wa',—
'Tis he! frae his bonnet he dauds aff the snaw:
"I'm here! my sweet son, and my bounie wee dame!
Down, Collie!—Be thankfu' we're a' noo at hame."

WEE TAMMIE TWENTY.

There's Wee Tammie Twenty, the auld tinkler bodie,
Comes here twice a-year wi' his creels and his cuddy,
Wi' Nanny his wifie, sae gudgy an' duddy,
It's hard to say whilk is the queerest auld bodie.

He works brass an' copper, an' a' siclike mettles,
Walds broken brass pans, southers auld copper kettles:
Wi' ilka auld wifie he gossips and tattles,
An' ilka young lassie he coaxes an' pettles.

Fou stievely he clouts up auld broken-wind bellows,
Or mends, wi' brass clasps, broken-ribbit umbrellas;
Sic sangs he can sing, an' sic stories can tell us,
I trow but Wee Tammie's the king o' guid fellows.

Auld Nan's second-sighted, she sees far and clearly,
Foretells ilka waddin' a towmond or nearly,
Can tell ilka lad the bit lass he lo'es dearly,
An' gin the bit lassie lo'es him as sincerely.

She tells ilka auld maid she yet may recover:
She tells ilka gillflirt some slee chield will move her:
Ilk dark black-e'ed beauty she spaes a wild rover,
An' ilka blue-e'ed ane, a true-hearted lover.

Ilk wanton young widow she spaes a brave sodger,
Ilk thrifty landlady her best-payin' lodger,
Ilk fat-leggit henwife an auld dodgin' cadger,
An' ilka yillhouse-wife an auld half-pay gauger.

At night they haud furth in auld Watty Macfluster's,
Whaur a' the young belles sparkle round them like lustres,
An' a' the young beaux gather round them in clusters,
An' mony braw waddin 's made up at their musters.

Their humph-backit laddie—they ne'er had anither—
Could coax like the faither, an' spae like the mither,
He'd the craft o' the tane, an' the wit o' the tither,
There ne'er was sic mettle e'er souther'd thegither.

He spouted last speeches, and liltit new ballants,
He mimick't a' tongues, frae the Hielants or Lawlants,
Grew grit wi' the lasses, an' great wi' the callants,
An' a' bodie laugh'd at the wee deilie's talents.

But what did the gillie do here the last simmer?
He ran aff wi' Maggy, the young glaikit limmer,

Syne stole a bit pursie to deck out the kimmer,
An' was sent ower the seas to the fellin' o' timmer.

Nae mair the puir bodies look hearty and cheerie,
For the loss o' their callant they're dowie and eerie ;
They canna last lang, for their hearts are sae weary,
An' their lang day o' life closes darksome and dreary.

AULD JANET.

O KEN ye auld Janet's bit hamilt made biggin',
The wa's stievely souther'd wi' gude claut an' clay.
A slopit wud lum, an' a twisted saugh riggin',
An' roof cozy theekit wi' moss-cover'd strae.
An auld hollow'd trough-stane, to haud the hen's drink in,
Aside her bit seatie stands close by the door;
An' thro' her wee winnock at night is seen blinkin',
A lowe that will guide ye for miles ower the muir.

Gae round now, an' look at her bonnie bit yardie,
Weel fill'd wi' potatoes,—troth Janet fends weel;
She shears a' the hairst to a kind neibour lairdie,
Wha keeps her bit ark aye weel fill'd wi' aitmeal.
On our wee village common her cooie gangs feedin',
The ne'er ane says, "Janet, how daur ye do sae?"
She works her ain stockings, an' spins her ain cleedin',
And keeps hersel' tosh frae the tap to the tae.

'Twad do your heart guid to gang into her hoosie,
And see how it's keepit sae toshy and clean ;
The dominie paps in, to read her the news aye,
She's bright in the mind, tho' she's dim in the een.
Her wee bit black cat, an' the dominie's doggie,
Sit cuddlin' thegither upon the hearthstane ;
The hens cackle in, an' pick out their left coggie,
An' ilka dumb thing claims the hoose as its ain.

Her cozy box-bed, and her weel polish'd awmrie,
Wi' massy brass handles a' shining sae braw ;
Her shelf-fu' o' pewter, a' glancing like glaumrie,
An' braw bawbee pictures nail'd round on the wa'.
But that claspit Bible's the chief pride o' Janet,
Its wooden brods wrappit in black leather skin ;
Her grandfather preached 'mang the mountains upon it,
An' that's a' she's left now to brag o' her kin.

Auld Janet's alane, an' she never was married,
Though askit by mony, she buckled wi' nane ;
Folks say she ance lo'ed, but her love it miscarried,
Her joe gaed to sea, she ne'er saw him again.
Yet, ah ! her warm breast is a wellspring o' feeling,
Her kindness like sunbeams she showers on us a' ;
And, oh ! when cauld death to her cottage comes stealing,
God help her puir neighbours when Janet's awa'.

YE MAUNNA SCAITH THE FECKLESS.

"Come, callants, quit sic cruel sport; for shame, for shame,
gi'e ower!
That poor half-witted creatur ye've been fechtin' wi' this hour.
What pleasure hae ye seeing him thus lay his bosom bare?—
Ye maunna scaith the feckless! they're God's peculiar care.

"The sma'est things in nature may be feckless as they're sma',
But oh, they tak up little space—there's room eneugh for a';
And this poor witless wanderer, I'm sure ye'd miss him sair—
Ye maunna scaith the feckless! they're God's peculiar care.

"There's some o' ye may likely hae, at hame, a brither dear,
Whose wee bit helpless mournfu' greet, ye canna thole to hear;
And is there ane amang ye but your best wi' him would share?—
Ye maunna scaith the feckless! they're God's peculiar care."

The callants' een were glist wi' tears, they gazed on ane anither,
They felt what they ne'er felt before, "the feckless was their
brither!"
They set him on a sunny seat, and straik'd his gowden hair—
The bairnies felt the feckless was God's peculiar care.

A FATHER TO HIS FIRST-BORN.

Come to my arms, my sweet wee hinny,
Fair image o' thy bonny minny,
Bricht picture o' thy sainted granny,
To a' sae dear;
I gaze upon thy face, an' canna
But drap a tear.

Thy dimpled chin, thy rosy mou',
The thought that lines thy lang deep brow,
Thy dark blue een glint glintin' through
Thy faither's heart;
Thou'rt my fond mither, form'd anew
In every part.

Yes, Memory poised on Fancy's wing,
O'er the dim past flies wandering;
And, as amid the flowers o' Spring
The snaw-flake fa's,
Sae this young balmy-breathing thing
The dead reca's.

First pledge o' love, pure bud o' bliss,
Young gem o' licht and loveliness,
Ae rosy smile, ae balmy kiss
Frae thy wee mou',
Floods a' my bosom's deep recess
Wi' bliss brim fou.

Thy mither wails the crumpled lace,
While I maist smoor thy sweet wee face.
An' kiss, an' keek, and fondly trace—
Wi' parent's ee,
The blushing bloom, an' witching grace.
That daws in thee.

Thy speaking een are thrang revealing
Wee keeks o' kindness past concealing;
An' thoughts are through thy noddle stealing
In infant play,
Foretelling wit, an' sense, an' feeling,
Some future day.

What thrilling pangs gae through my heart
When thou gi'es an uncanny start;
For gudesake, dinna greet! the smart
O' deadly wound
Could ne'er to me sic pain impart
As that shrill sound.

Thy minnie's startled looks, that yearn
To ken what ails her ae wee bairn,—
What wylie ways she has to learn
To hush thy fears;
While kissing aff wi' fond concern
Thy glist'nin' tears.

Through a' the sunny daylight hours,
While nursing a' thy opening flowers,
Her fancy bigs thee mony bowers
A' fair an' green,
That keep awa the watery showers
Frae thy wee een.

She tends thee through the lang dark nights
Wi' mony kindly wyles and sleights;
Her een wauk up like starry lights
Gin thou but sigh,
Syne wi' a hush she lays thy frights,
An' stills thy cry.

There snugly nestling in her breast,
Thou cuddles in thy cozy nest;
When thou art to her bosom prest,
Heaven's ee may see
An image o' its haly rest
In her an' thee.

Bloom on, sweet babe! Time steals away!
The langest life is but a day;
An' gin thy faither, doom'd to gae,
Leaves her alane,
Thou wilt thy mither's love repay
Wi' love again.

I HAE LOST MY HEART.

I HAE lost my heart, I hae lost my heart,
Whaur has the wand'rer flown?
I'm sad and wae for the silly wee thing,
I wish it be na stown.
It's awa' to the lassie blythe an' sweet,
Wi' sunlight in her ee,
And, oh! gin the wilfu' wee thing ye meet,
Gae bring it back to me.

Oh! it 's unco sair a lassie to lo'e,
Wha's fickle as the wind;
An' it 's unco sair when ye tyne your heart,
Anither no to find:
But, oh! it 's heaven the lassie to lo'e,
Wha gi'es ye love again;
Then strive ye to gain a maiden's heart,
An' niffer't wi' your ain.

THE AULD BEGGAR MAN.

The auld cripple beggar cam jumpin', jumpin'.
Hech how the bodie was stumpin', stumpin',
His wee wooden leggie was thumpin', thumpin'—
Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man?
An' aye he hirpled and hoastit, hoastit,
Aye he stampit his fit, and he boastit,
Ilka woman and maid he accostit,—
Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man?

The auld wives cam hirplin' in scores frae the clachan.
The young wives cam rinnin', a' gigglin' an' laughin'.
The bairnies cam toddlin', a' jinkin' an' daffin',
An pookit the pocks o' the queer auld man.
Out cam the young widows a' blinkin' fu' meekly,
Out cam the young lassies a' smirkin' fu' sweetly,
Out cam the auld maidens a' bobbin' discreetly,
An' gat a slee smack frae the queer auld man.

Out cam the big blacksmith, a' smeekit and duddy.
Out cam the fat butcher, a' greasy an' bluidy.

Out cam the auld cartwright, the wee drucken bodie.
An' swore they would flaughter the queer auld man.
Out cam the lang weaver, wi' his biggest shuttle,
Out cam the short snab, wi' his sharp cutty whittle,
Out cam the young herd, wi' a big tattie beetle,
An' swore they would devel the queer auld man.

The beggar he coost aff his wee wooden peg,
An' he shaw'd them a brawny an' sturdy leg,
I wat but the carle was strappin' and gleg;—
Saw ye e'er sic a stieve auld man?
He thumpit the blacksmith hame to his wife;
He dumpit the butcher, wha ran for his life;
He chased the wee wright wi' the butcher's sharp knife;—
Saw ye e'er sic a brave auld man?

He puff'd on the weaver, he ran to his loom;
He shankit the snab hame to cobble his shoon;
He skelpit the herd, on his bog-reed to croon,—
Saw ye e'er sic a stuffy auld man?
The wives o' the toun then a' gather'd about him,
An' loudly an' blithely the bairnies did shout him,
They hooted the loons wha had threaten'd to clout him,—
Kenn'd ye e'er sic a lucky auld man?

BESSY'S WOOING.

O guess ye wha's gane a-beckin' an' bowin',
Guess ye wha's gane a-billin' an' cooin',
Guess ye wha's gane a-coaxin' an' wooin',
To bonnie young Bessy, the flower o' the Glen.
Auld Souter Rabby, wha dresses sae brawly;
Auld Barber Watty, sae smirky an' waly:
Auld Elder Johnnie, sae meek an' sae haly—
Hae a' gane a-wooin' to Bess o' the Glen.

Fat Deacon Sandy the heigh Council nabby;
Wee Tailor Davie, sae glibby an' gabby;
Dominie Joseph, sae threadbare and shabby—
Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the Glen.
Big Mason Andrew, sae heavily fisted;
Jock Gude-for-naething, wha three times had listed;
Strang Miller Geordie, wi' meal a' bedusted—
Hae a' gane a-wooin' to Bess o' the Glen.

Glee'd Cooper Cuddy, a' girded fu' tichtly,
Red-nosed Sawyer Will, wi' his beak shining brichtly;

The tree-leggit Pensioner, marching fu' lichtly—
Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the Glen.
They're sighin' an' sabbin', they're vowin' and swearin';
They're challengin', duellin', boxin', and tearin';
While Bess, pawky jaud, is aye smirkin' an' jeerin'—
There ne'er was a gillflirt like Bess o' the Glen.

But a young Highland drover cam here wi' some cattle;
Gat fou, an' swore Gaelic—gat fierce, an' gae battle;
An' a' the hail pack did he lustily rattle—
Hech! was nae that fun to young Bess o' the Glen?
His bauld manly bearin' caught Bessy's black eye;
Her heart gae a stound, an' her breast gae a sigh;
An' now the brave Drover's gi'en ower driving kye—
For troth! he is Laird o' young Bess an' the Glen.

THE BIRDIE SURE TO SING IS AYE THE GORBEL O' THE NEST.*

O DINNA look ye pridefu' doon on a' aneath your ken,
For he wha seems the furthest but, aft wins the farthest ben:
And whiles the doubie o' the school tak's lead o' a' the rest,
The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the nest.

The cauld grey misty morn aft brings a sultry sunny day,
The tree whais buds are latest, is the langest to decay;
The heart sair tried wi' sorrow aye endures the sternest test,
The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the nest.

The wee wee stern that glints in heaven may be a lowin' sun,
Tho' like a speck o' light scarce seen amid the welkin' dun;
The humblest sodger on the field may win the warrior's crest,
The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the nest.

Then dinna be impatient wi' your bairnie when he's slow,
And dinna scorn the humble, tho' the warld deem them low;
The hindmost and the feeblest aft become the first and best,
The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the nest.

* Bird nesting boys believe that the last hatched bird, or the "gorbel o' the nest," is sure to be a singer.

THE FELON'S ORPHAN.

A WEE wean stands at a dark close-mouth.
Wi' ashy cheek and watery ee,
The rags waffin' round her wad wauken ruth
In a mair stieve-breasted chield than me.
Like a starving bird on the frozen lea,
Her voice is mute, and her head hings law;
Like a shivering leaf whilk fa's frae the tree,
Shrinkin' to dow 'mang the drifted snaw,
Sae the wee thing cowers in the chilly blaw.

Ah! waur than the bird in the wintry day
Is this daughter o' weary want and sin,
And e'en as at mid-day the gloamin' grey
O'ershadows the hame that she huddles in,
So crime's avengers wi' clamour an' din
Sternly scowl on her hapless race;
Nae lawfu' bread can the wee thing win
Wi' the brand o' shame on her shy wee face;
O God! man has justice, but little grace.

Thou shak'st like a leaf, and sae shalt thou dow,
Wi' thy feckless marrows, my sweet wee bairn,
Till thought sits lichter on man's dour brow,
And a lowe o' love melts his heart o' airn;
And bright shall it glow when men shall learn
That it's better to heal than to wound the heart,
That mercy is powerful as vengeance is stern;
That kindness hath only the heavenly art,
Dark deadly crime to conquer and convert.

ROSY CHEEKIT APPLES.

Come awa', bairnie,
For your bawbee
Rosy cheekit apples
Ye shall hae three:
A' sae fou' o' hinny,
They drappit frae the tree;
Like your bonnie sel',
A' the sweeter they are wee.

Come awa', bairnie,
Dinna shake your head;
Ye mind me o' my ain bairn,
Lang lang dead.
Ah! for lack o' nourishment
He drappit frae the tree;
Like your bonny sel',
A' the sweeter he was wee.

Oh! auld frail folk
Are like auld fruit trees,

They canna stand the gnarl
O' the cauld winter breeze:
But heaven tak's the fruit
Tho' earth forsake the tree;
An' we mourn our fairy blossoms,
A' the sweeter they were wee.

Then come awa', bairnie,
For your bawbee
Rosy cheekit apples
Ye shall hae three:
A' sae fou' o' hinny,
They drappit frae the tree;
Like your bonny sel',
A' the sweeter they are wee.

CREEP AFORE YE GANG.

Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang;
Cock ye baith your lugs to your auld Grannie's sang':
Gin ye gang as far ye will think the road lang,
Creep awa', my bairnie,—creep afore ye gang.

Creep awa', my bairnie, ye're ower young to learn
To tot up and down yet, my bonnie wee bairn;
Better creepin' cannie, as fa'in' wi' a bang,
Duntin' a' your wee brow,—creep afore ye gang.

Ye'll creep, an' ye'll hotch, an' ye'll nod to your mither,
Watchin' ilka step o' your wee donsy brither;
Rest ye on the floor till your wee limbs grow strang,
An' ye'll be a braw chiel yet,—creep afore ye gang.

The wee burdie fa's when it tries ower soon to flee,
Folks are sure to tumble, when they climb ower hie;
They wha dinna walk right, are sure to come to wrang,
Creep awa', my bairnie,—creep afore ye gang.

THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

Ne'er trow ye wealth is happy aye, or poverty aye wae;
Ne'er hope to find the brichtest flowers aye on the highest brae:
In humble hames are happy hearts, in dells are flow'rets fair;
Around the muirland lammie plays the balmy summer air,
And He wha tends the lammie, keeps us a' aneath his ee.
The balance aye is fairly poised atween the low and hie.

Out frae the low dark breast o' yirth, there springs celestial fire,
Sae men should aye lout laigher doun the hie'er they aspire;
The darkest cluds are fringed wi' gowd, sae when ye look aboon,
And frae the deep blue lift ye see the bright stars keekin' doun,
Aye mind that light and darkness differ only to agree,
That ae strang chain o' love is linkit round baith low and hie.

The genial voice o' Nature chants in harmony divine;
The glorious lights o' heaven glow wi' kindness as they shine:
The dark brown earth gi'es brightness to each little flower that blows,
And a' creation's contrasts deepest unities disclose;
Sae think nae mair o' spite or spleen whatever your degree,
But gi'e a gratefu' heart to Him wha rules baith low and hie.

THE WEE RAGGIT LADDIE.

Wee stuffy, stumpy, dumpy laddie,
Thou urchin-elfin, bare an' duddy,
Thy plumpit kite, an' cheek sae ruddy
Are fairly baggit,
Although the breekums on thy bodie
Are e'en right raggit.

Thy wee roun' pate,—sae black and curly,
Thy twa bare feet,—sae stieve an' burly,
The biting frost, though snell an' surly,
An' sair to bide,
Is scorned by thee, thou hardy wurlie,
Wi' sturdy pride.

Come frost, come snaw, come wind, come weet,
Ower frozen dubs, through slush an' sleet,
Thou patters wi' thy wee red feet,
Right bauld an' sicker,
An' ne'er was kenned to whinge or greet,
But for thy bicker.

Thy grannie's paiks, thy maister's whippin',
Could never mend thy gait o' kippin',
I've seen the hail schule bairnies trippin'
A' after thee,
An' thou aff like a young colt skippin',
Far ower the lea.

'Mang Hallowfair's wild noisy brattle,
Thou'st foughten mony a weary battle,
Stridin' ower horse, an' yerkin' cattle
Wi' noisy glee;
Nae jockey's whup, nor drover's wattle,
Can frighten thee.

When showmen clad in wild beast skins,
Roar, drum and fife, an' mak sic dins,
Or Merry Andrew loups an' grins,
While daft fools glower,
Thou slips thy rung atween their shins,
And yerks them ower.

When sodgers at the Links are shootin',
Wi' ruflin' drums, an' trumpets toutin',
Though sentries gi'e thee whiles a cloutin',
An' whiles a kickin',
Ae half-toom cartridge thou dost look on
Worth a' the lickin'.

On Queen's birth-days, thy squibs and pluffs
Slappit in face o' drucken scuffs,
Or bizzin' amang lassies' ruffs,
Or auld wives' fires,—
In spite o' angry scolds an' cuffs,
Thou never tires.

At bools thou nicks, at paips thou praps.
Thou birls bawbees, thou dozes taps,
Thou herries nests, thou sets slee traps
To catch auld sparrows,
Or riddles them wi' cauld lead-draps,
An' tin-shod arrows.

Dibblin' in ditches, speelin' rocks,
Smeekin' wasps' binks, or huntin' brocks,
Houndin' on dogs, or fechtin' cocks,
Frae dawn till dark,
Or breakin' shins wi' shinty knocks,
Is a' thy wark.

Thy pow wins mony dimpled laurels,
'Mang berry-stands an' sugar-barrels;
Nor grocers' fists, or greenwives' snarls,
Can stop thy takin';
While half the street is filled wi' quarrels
A' o' thy makin'.

Ilk kiltit Celt, ilk raggit Paddy,
Ilk sooty sweep, ilk creeshy caddie,
Ilk tree-legg'd man, ilk club-taed laddie,
Ilk oily leary,
Ilk midden mavis, wee black jaudie,
A' dread an' fear ye.

Ilk struttin' swad, ilk reelin' sailor,
Ilk rosin't snab, ilk barkin't nailer,
Ilk flunky bauld, ilk coomy collier,
Ilk dusty batchy,
Ilk muckle grab, ilk little tailor,
A' strive to catch ye.

Ilk thimblin' thievin' gamblin' diddler,
Ilk bellows-mendin' tinkler driddler,
Ilk haltin' hirplin' blindit fiddler,
Ilk wee speech-crier,
Ilk lazy ballant singin' idler,
Chase thee like fire.

Ilk waly-draiglin' dribblin' wight,
Wha sleeps a' day, and drinks a' night,
And staggers hame in braid daylight,
Bleerit an' scaur,
Thou dauds him up, a movin' fright,
Wi' dunts o' glaur.

Ilk auld wife stoyterin' wi' her drappie,
In teapat, bottle, stoup, or cappie,
Fu' snugly fauldit in her lappie,
Wi' couthy care,
Thou gaur'st the hidden treasure jaup hie,
An' scent the air.

At e'en when weary warkmen house,
Their sair forfoughen spunks to rouse,
An' ower the sang-inspirin' bouse,
Croon mony a ditty,
Thou sits amang them bauld and crouse,
Whiffin' thy cutty.

O, why should age, wi' cankered ee,
Condemn thy pranks o' rattlin' glee?
We a' were callants ance like thee,
An' happier then,
Than, after clamberin' up life's tree,
We think us men.

THE WEE RAGGIT LASSIE.

Wee, genty, timid, bashfu' wean,
Tott, totting through the street thy lane.
Like sunny keeks through cluds o' rain
Thy face sae fair,
Peeps sweetly through thy clusterin' train
O' raven hair.

Thy wee bit neck and bosom bare,
Though tussled by the cauld raw air,
Are pearly pure, and lily fair,
As snaw flakes fa'in';
An' thy wee cheeks glow like a pair
O' roses blawin'.

Thy form is licht as fairy fay,
Thy face is sweet as flowery May,
Thine ee, like dawn o' infant day,
Waukin the east,
And chasing gloomy dool away
Frae every breast.

Tho' sma' thy mak, an' scrimp thy cleedin',
Tho' bleak thy hame, an' puir thy feedin',
Tho' scant thy lair, an' laigh thy breedin',
The time may be
When thou'lt hae mony wooers pleadin'
For love frae thee.

Yet beauty's e'en a doubtfu' gift,
Wi' mickle shew, but little thrift;
Wi' it the rich may mak' a shift
To lead the fashion,
While humble Beauty's cast adrift
On human passion.

O man! why wilt thou seek thy bane,
An' gi'e thysel' an' ithers pain;
Fair Virtue's flower, wherefore stain,
An' leave to wither?
I trow the heart gets little gain
That breaks anither.

Alack! puir wean, thy fate I fear,
Thy morning sky's e'en cauld and drear;
Dark poortith hovers in the rear,
Wi' bodin' scowl,
An' how can sic as thou win clear
O' faes sae foul.

Auld beldame Fortune, would I kenned her!
I wadna wee thing let thee wander
Wi' thy sma' limbs sae slim and slender,
Thus niddered bare.
An' thy wee feet, sae jimp an' tender,
A' dinlin' sair.

Hail, Nature! thou whais genial power
Has gi'en her beauty for her dower,
O tend wi' care this tender flower
That sprung frae thee;
An' rear her safe in virtue's bower,
Aneath thine ee.

AE GUDE TURN DESERVES ANITHER.

Ye maunna be proud, although ye be great,
The puirest bodie is still your brither;
The king may come in the cadger's gate;
Ae gude turn deserves anither.

The hale o' us rise frae the same cauld clay,
Ae hour we bloom, ae hour we wither;
Let ilk help ither to climb the brae;
Ae gude turn deserves anither.

The highest amang us are unco wee,
Frae Heaven we get a' our gifts thegither;
Hoard na, man, what ye get sae free;
Ae gude turn deserves anither.

Life is a weary journey alane,
Blythe's the road when we wend wi' ither;
Mutual gi'ing is mutual gain;
Ae gude turn deserves anither.

THE CHILDLESS WIDOW.

O WHAUR gat ye that manly bairn?
I ance had ane his marrow,
Wha was to me a heavenly stern,
Amid my nicht o' sorrow.
Nae ferlie that I lo'e your wean,
An' o' his sweets envy ye,
For my poor heart sae sad and lane,
Grows glad when I am nigh ye.

My boy was fair, my boy was brave,
Wi' yellow ringlets flowing;
But now he sleeps in yon cauld grave,
Sweet flow'rets o'er him growing.
When his dear father joined the blest,
I fain wad hae gane wi' him:
But that dear laddie at my breast,
I couldna gang an' lea' him.

My laddie grew, he better grew,
Nae marrow had he growin',

Till ae snell blast that on us blew,
  Set my sweet bud a dowin'.
But aye as slowly dowed the rind,
  The core it grew the dearer,
And aye as his frail body dwined,
  His mind it glinted clearer.

O bricht, bricht shone his sparklin' ee—
  His cheek the pillow pressin';
He cast his last sad glance on me—
  'Dear mother, tak my blessin'.'
Then oh! the childless heart forgi'e,
  That canna but envy ye,
O, that sweet bairn wha smiles on me,
  An' gaurs me linger by ye.

THE NEW COMER.

"Wha's aught this wee wean
That my minnie has now,
To clasp to her bosom,
An' press to her mou',
While I, ance her dawtie,
Am laid by the wa',
Or set out a-courin'
To try the stirk's sta'?"*

"That wean is your Billie,
My ain son an' heir!
Ye'll see your ain pictur'
A wee wee-er there:
Ye'll sleep wi' your faither,
Your Billie is sma',
An' noo ye are strong,
Ye maun try the stirk's sta'."

* When the pet child is transferred from his mother's to his father's bosom, in consequence of a younger aspirant coming on the field, he is said to be sent to the *stirk's sta'*.

" Though kind to me, faither,—
Nane kinder may be,—
Your bosom can ne'er
Be a mither's to me ;
Then dinna me tak'
Frae that bosie awa',
Nor ask your wee laddie
To try the stirk's sta'!"

" Dear bairn! 'tis a foretaste
O' a' ye'll find here—
We stap ower our elders,
As year follows year,
We're a' marching onward,
Our hame's far awa'—
Sae kiss your young Billie,
An' try the stirk's sta'."

THE LADY FERN.

I BRING nae rose, or lily fair,
To twine amang thy gowden hair,
Nor fragrant flower, nor scented wreath,
To mingle wi' thy balmy breath;
But frae the green banks o' the burn
I bring thy mate the Lady Fern.

The Lady Fern, whase slender stalk
Alane can peer thy genty mak,
The Lady Fern, whase gracefu' air,
Wi' thine alane can e'er compare,
O whaur may Nature meekness learn?
Frae thee an' frae the Lady Fern.

The broom adorns, an' crowns the brae,
The whin o'ertaps the rocklet grey;
The heath blooms brichtest on the hill,
An' a' wad fain climb heigher still;
While in the shade thou lo'est to dern
Beside thy mate the Lady Fern.

HEIGH! HO!

Tell me, Maiden, tell me truly,
Hast thou lost thy heart or no?
In the charming month of July
Hearts will go a-wandering so;
Is it so,
Ay or no?
Hearts will go, with a—heigh! ho!

Dew bespangles mead and mountain,
Sunbeams kiss, and flow'rets blow;
By the shady dell and fountain
Lovers will a-wooing go;
Is it so,
Ay or no?
Hearts will go, with a—heigh! ho!

Ope thine eyes, and spare thy roses,
Thus outblushing Nature so;

Love is still, and ne'er discloses
What the July gloamings know;
Is it so,
Ay or no?
Hearts will go, with a—heigh! ho!

THE WAY TO WOO AND WIN.

I lo'ed a proud lassie, I lo'ed her for lang,
I wooed her wi' pipe, and I wooed her wi' sang;
I wooed her by streamlet an' bonny green shaw;
I wooed her at kirk, and at market an' a':
I proffered nae gowd, an' I offered nae gear,
I proffered her nought but a heart a' sincere;
But gin I cam near her wi' head cast ajee,
She cries, "Play your pranks wi' some ither than me."

I heaved mony sighs, an' I shed mony tears,
For moments o' hope I had towmonds o' fears;
I gazed an' I gapit wi' heart loupin' fu',
My words were sae big that they stack in my mou';
But her lips o' coral, an' bosom o' snaw,
Seemed hard as the ice that nae simmer could thaw;
For gin I come near her wi' head cast ajee,
She cries, "Play your pranks wi' some ither than me."

Last week on the hairst rig we shure side by side,
I ettled wi' kindness to saften her pride;

I shure a' the week for mysel' an' her too,
An' left the bit lassie but little to do;
But, losh! how my heart lap when doun 'mang the corn,
She ask't me to pick frae her wee hand a thorn;
Her head on my bosom fu' soon fell ajee,
She sighs, "Gi'e your love to nae ither than me."

Wi' deeds, no wi' words, thus I won my sweet bride.
For kindness gets kindness as floods swell the tide;
An' he wha wad marry the lassie he lo'es,
May say what he likes, but maun mind what he does:
For virtue is modest an' near kin to pride;
It's no very easy sic twins to divide;
She's weel worth the winning whais head's cast ajee,
And cries, "Play your pranks wi' anither than me."

OUR BRAW UNCLE.

My auld uncle Willie cam doun here frae Lunnon,
An' wow but he was a braw man;
An' a' my puir cousins around him cam rinnin',
Frae mony a lang mile awa', man.
My uncle was rich, my uncle was proud—
He spak o' his gear, and he bragg'd o' his gowd;
An' whate'er he hinted, the puir bodies vow'd
They wad mak it their love an' their law, man.

He staid wi' them a' for a week time about,
Feastin', an' fuddlin', an' a', man,
Till he fairly had riddled the puir bodies out,
An' they thocht he was ne'er gaun awa', man.—
And neither he was; he had naething to do,
He had made a' their fortunes and settled them too;
Though they ne'er saw a boddle they'd naething to
For they thocht they wad soon hae it a', man.

But when our braw uncle had stay'd here a year,
I trow but he wasna a sma' man,

Their tables cam down to their auld hamilt cheer,
An' he gat himsel' book'd to gae 'wa', man.
Syne when he was startin', the hale o' his kin
Cam to the coach-door, maistly chokin' him in,
And they smoor'd him wi' presents o' a' they could fin',
An' he vow'd he had *dune* for them a', man.—

And sae had he too; for he never cam back.
My sang! but he wasna a raw man,
To feast for a year without paying a plack.
An' gang wi' sic presents awa', man.
An' aften he bragg'd how he cheated the greed
O' his grey gruppy kinsmen be-north o' the Tweed:
An' the best o't—when auld uncle Willie was dead,
He left them—*just naething ava, man.*

OUR PUIR COUSIN.

My young cousin Peggy cam doun frae Dunkeld,
Wi' nae word o' lawlants ava man,
But her blue speakin' een a' her kind meanin' tauld,
An' her brow shone as white as the snaw man;
She cam here to sheer, and she stay'd here to spin,
She wrought wi' the fremit, an' lived wi' her kin,
She laid naething out, but she laid muckle in,
An' she fended on naething ava, man.

An' wow but the lassie was pawky an' slee,
For she smiled an' she smirkit till a', man,
Growing a' body's bodie, baith muckle an' wee,
An' our folk wadna let her awa, man.
For when there was trouble or death in the house,
She tended the sick-bed as quiet as a mouse,
An' wrought three folks' wark aye sae canny an' douce,
Ye wad thought she did naething ava, man.

She grew rich in beauty, she grew rich in gear,
She learnt to speak lawlants an' a', man;

Her wit it was keen, and her head it was clear,
My sang! she was match for us a', man.
She was trysted to suppers, inveetit to teas,
Gat mony braw presents, an' mony gowd fees.
An' e'en my ain Billies sae kittle to please,
She tickled the hearts o' them a', man.

But the sweet Hieland lassie, sae gentle and meek,
Refused them for gude an' for a', man,
Aye gaun to the auld Hielan' kirk ilka week,
While the minister aft gae a ca', man.
O his was the fervour, and hers was the grace,
They whisper'd sweet Gaelic, he gazed in her face,
Like licht, true love travels at nae laggin' pace—
She's the star o' his heart an' his ha', man.

THE NAMELESS LASSIE.

There's nane may ever guess or trow my bonnie lassie's name,
There's nane may ken the humble cot my lassie ca's her hame;
Yet tho' my lassie's nameless, an' her kin o' low degree,
Her heart is warm, her thochts are pure, an' O! she's dear to me;

She's gentle as she's bonnie, an' she's modest as she's fair,
Her virtues, like her beauties, a', are varied as they're rare;
While she is light an' merry as the lammie on the lea,
For happiness an' innocence thegither aye maun be!

Whene'er she shews her blooming face the flowers may cease to blaw,
An' when she opes her hinnied lips, the air is music a';
But when wi' ither's sorrows touched, the tear starts to her ee,
Oh! that's the gem in beauty's crown, the priceless pearl to me.

Within my soul her form's enshrined, her heart is a' my ain,
An' richer prize, or purer bliss, nae mortal e'er can gain :
The darkest paths o' life I tread wi' steps o' bounding glee.
Cheered onward by the love that lichts my nameless lassie's ee !

KILT THY COAT, MAGGY.

Kilt thy coat Maggy, Maggy, dear Maggy,
Kilt thy coat Maggy, and dance thou wi' me;
Thy white genty feetie scarce bends the wee gowan,
An' a' thy licht motions are gracefu' an' free.

Ope thy mou' Maggy, Maggy, dear Maggy,
Ope thy mou' Maggy, and lilt thou to me;
Thy voice is as saft as the hill burnie rowin',
An' sweet as the lintie that sings on the tree.

Lend thine ear Maggy, Maggy, dear Maggy,
Lend thine ear Maggy, and listen to me,
Sae meek and sae modest, sae bashfu' an' bonny,
My saul's dearest wishes a' centre in thee!

Name the day Maggy, Maggy, dear Maggy,
Name the day Maggy, our bridal may be;
For hours they seem towmonds, an' days they seem ages,
Till I hae my Maggy, and Maggy has me.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

Mind ye yon aik that grew at our house-end,
By ilka pawky bird an' bairnie kenned:
The rustic seat deep-shaded 'neath its boughs,
Whaur auld folk crackit,—young folk whisper'd vows.
An' the wee Robin happit crouse an' tame,
For weel wee Robie lo'ed our couthy hame?

An' mind ye o' the ancient cot itsel',
Whaur sweet contentment aye was wont to dwell,
Whaur the big peat stack an' the craft o' bier
Tauld that in winter simmer beakit here?
Whae'er gaed by the door was sair to blame.
For a' wha cam in fand a couthy hame.

An' mind ye o' my mither's winsome face,
Sae fu' o' sweetness, an' sae fu' o' grace?
My faither too, though bent wi' years an' toil,
Wha's furrowed face wore aye contentment's smile.
Sae fond a husband, an' sae kind a dame,
Nae ferlie love an' kindness filled our hame.

Sax strappin' maidens, mensefu', modest, fair,
Wi' sax strang chields, were born an' reared up there,
Folks wont to ferlie how ae but an' ben
Could rear sic lasses, an' could train sic men.
Nor aught was done to raise ae blush of shame
By ony nurtured in our humble hame.

Amid the Sabbath evening's sacred calm,
How sweetly rose to Heaven, the prayer an' psalm,
And aye in love and knowledge sae we grew,
As gaur'd us aft these solemn rites renew,
And made us daily bless His holy name,
Wha wi' His presence fill'd our humble hame.

Alace! that ancient aik 's uprooted now,
Ower the auld cottage speeds the ridging plough;
And whaur sic hames as ours were wont to be,
Lone bleating sheep are browsing ower the lea;
Wae 's me, that man should daur the right to claim,
To mak a sheep-gang o' a human hame!

WILLIE AND MAGGIE.

Oh! what wad I do gin my Maggy were dead?
Oh! what wad I do gin my Maggy were dead?
This wud e'en be a wearifu' warld indeed
To me, gin my ain canny Maggy were dead.

Bairns brocht up thegither, baith nursed on ae knee,
Baith slung ower ae cuddy, fu' weel did we gree;
Tho' I was born armless, an' aye unco wee,
My Maggy was muckle, an' bunted for me.

When Meg grew a woman, an' I grew a man,
She gruppit my stump, for I hadna a han',
An' we plichted our troth ower a big bag o' skran,
Thegither true-hearted to beg thro' the lan'.

Mony big loons hae hechted to wyle her awa',
Baith thimblers, and tumblers, and tinklers an' a';
But she jeers them, an' tells them her Willie, tho' sma',
Has mair in his buik than the best o' them a'.

I'm feckless, an' frien'less, distorted and wee,
Canna cast my ain claes, nor yet claw my ain knee;
But she kens a' my wants, an' does a' thing for me—
Gin I wantit my Maggy, I'm sure I wad dee.

Then what wad I do gin my Maggy were dead?
Oh! what wad I do gin my Maggy were dead?
This wad e'en be a wearifu' warld indeed
To me, gin my ain canny Maggy were dead.

THE STOWN KISS.

My minny is pawky, my minny is slee,
She keeps me aye close 'neath the kep o' her ee:
She bids me gae nurse my young billie awee,
But wots nae how sleely my Willie woos me.

What ails my auld minny at Willie an' me?
How e'er can my minny wyte Willie an' me,
When nought but the wean an' the wee butterflee
Can see the stown kiss o' my Willie an' me?

My grandfaither suns himsel' on the door-stane,
And dreams o' my grandmither lang dead and gane;
He gazes on heaven wi' his lustreless ee,—
They surely ance lo'ed like my Willie an' me!

I ken Willie's true, and I ken he's my ain,
He courts nae for gear, an' he comes nae for gain;

He leaves a' his flocks far outower on yon lee—
What true heart wad sinder my Willie an' me?

Then what ails my minny at Willie an' me?
She shouldna be sair on my Willie an' me;
Her widow's black snood brings the tear to my ee,
But weel my dead faither lo'ed Willie an' me.

THE LOVER'S LOAN.

The Lover's Loan, the Lover's Loan,
Alas! these days have long, long gone,
When filled with hope, and flushed with pride,
I won my young, my gentle bride,
Who like the star of evening shone,
And lit wi' joy the Lover's Loan.

The mavis with his mellow lay,
Would lull asleep the closing day;
The lark with dewy breast would rise
To greet the opening morning skies;
While dreaming, still we wandered on
Along the flower-strewn Lover's Loan.

The velvet sward beneath our feet
Was gemmed with cups and daisies sweet,
While hip in bud, and haw in bloom,
Enriched the air with sweet perfume;
And echo softened every tone,
Love whispered in the Lover's Loan.

And patriots oft would linger here,
To gaze on scenes to patriot dear;
For each surrounding plain and hill
Of Scotland's fame bore witness still,
And told that Freedom's brightest zone
Was woven round the Lover's Loan.

Each bird and flower, each hill and plain,
Shall still inspire the poet's strain,
For Love is now as ever young,
And patriot deeds shall still be sung;
But sad is he who lorn and lone,
Now mateless seeks the Lover's Loan!

BAULD BRAXY TAM.

O Bauld Braxy Tam, he lives far in the west,
Whaur the dreary Lang Whang heaves its brown heather crest:
He's bauld as a lion, though mim as a lamb—
I rede ye na rouse him, our Bauld Braxy Tam.
The strang stalwart loon wons upon the hill-tap,
In peat-biggit shieling wi' thin theekit hap—
He ne'er wants a braxy, nor gude reestit ham,
And snell is the stamack o' Bauld Braxy Tam.

See how his straught form 'mid the storm-flicker'd lift,
Stalks ower the bleak muir, thro' the dark wreaths o' drift;
While the wowff o' the colley or bleat o' the ram,
Are beacons o' light to our Bauld Braxy Tam.
When April comes in aye sae sleety and chill,
And mony young lammie lies dead on the hill,
Though miss'd by the farmer, and left by its dam,
It's gude gusty gear to our Bauld Braxy Tam.

Tho' some o' us think he gets mair than eneugh,
That he finds the same lambs he had cast in the heugh,
The bauldest amang us maun keep our sough calm,
He's a lang luggit deevil, our Bauld Braxy Tam.
He ne'er parts wi' master, nor master wi' him,
Gin sulky the headsman, the herdsman looks grim,
Syne a's souther'd up wi' a flyte and a dram,
For Tam's like the master, the master like Tam.

Thro' a' our braid muirlands sae stunted and brown,
There's nane fear'd nor lo'ed like the hellicat loon;
Our fair muirland maidens feel mony love dwaum,
When milking the ewes o' our Bauld Braxy Tam.
For the wild roving rogue has the gled in his ee,
Twa three-neukit ee-brees aye louping wi' glee,
Wi' a black bushy beard, and a liquory gam,
O! wha wad be kittled by Bauld Braxy Tam?

At the lown ingle-cheek in the lang winter night,
Tam's welcomed wi' pleasure aye mingled wi' fright;
Queer sangs, and ghaist stories, a' thro' ither, cram—
The big roomy noddle o' Bauld Braxy Tam.
Then weans cour in neuks frae the fancy-raised ghaist,
Ilk lad faulds his arm round his ain lassie's waist;
The auld folks gae-bed in an ill-natured sham,
But the young gape till midnight round Bauld Braxy Tam.

They maun hae him married, the wild loon to cowe,
Wha 's fickle 's the clouds, tho' he 's het as the lowe:
He courts a' the lasses without e'er a qualm,
Yet nane e'er could tether our Bauld Braxy Tam.
But a puir auld sheep-farmer has come to the muir,
Wi' a dochter as fair as her faither is puir,
She's pure as the dew-drap, an' sweet as the balm,
And she's won the stout heart o' our Bauld Braxy Tam.

A BONNIE BRIDE IS EASY BUSKIT.

"Come, Mary, dinna say me nae,
But name at ance our bridal day;
Let love dispel your doubts for aye,
And dinna let your brow be duskit.
Although I canna cleed ye braw,
And tho' my house and mailin 's sma',
Your angel form will hallow a'—
A bonnie bride is easy buskit."

"O dinna press our bridal now,
But rest content ye hae my vow,
My faither's frozen breast will thowe,
Sae let the spring-fed burnie gather.
He says my weal is a' his care,
He bends, I stroke his siller hair,
He weeps, I breathe a silent prayer—
I daurna leave my dear auld faither."

"Alack! your faither's fond o' gear,
At my puir suit again he'll sneer,

And I maun lose thee, Mary dear,
  Unless his angry ban ye risk it.
But gin our humble cot he'll share,
He'll welcome be, ye'll nurse him there;
I seek yoursel', I ask nae mair—
  A bonnie bride is easy buskit."

Unseen the carle stands listenin' by,
Wi' smiling mou' and glistenin' eye;
He hears his Mary gi'e a sigh,
  And out he cries in tones sae huskit:
"Here tak her, Rab, my blessing hae,
Your kindly heart has won the day;
And be your bridal when it may,
  Your bride shall be fu' brawly buskit."

THE WOODS OF ABERDOUR.

The wind blaws saft frae south to north,
An' wafts the seedlin' frae the flower
Far ower the broad and glassy Forth,
To grow in bonny Aberdour.
Fair Aberdour, dear Aberdour!
O gin I were that seedlin' flower,
That thus the air might bear me ower
To love an' bonny Aberdour.

Gin planted in that fertile soil,
The fairest flower I'd aim to be,
That I might win my laddie's smile,
And light wi' love his sparklin' ee.
Fair Aberdour, dear Aberdour!
O gin I were that seedlin' flower,
That thus the air might bear me ower
To love and bonny Aberdour.

And gin that flower he deigned to pu'
And wear upon his manly breast,
My glowing love wad pierce him through,
My joy wad mak him mair than blest.
Fair Aberdour, dear Aberdour,
O gin I were that seedlin' flower,
That thus the air might bear me ower
To love and bonny Aberdour!

THE BRIDAL HOUR.

The gay green leaves are dancing
A merry merry round,
The milk-white lambs are prancing
Wi' merry merry bound.
The sun is shining brichtly
On mountain, tree, and tower,
And my fond heart leaps lichtly,
I've named my bridal hour.

Yet wherefore should I marry,
When I'm wi' joy sae fu',
My wee breast canna carry
Mair than it feels enow?
My Willie, fond and pressing,
Keeps by me a' the day,
An' whaten higher blessing
Could ony lassie hae?

We're to be cried neist Sunday,
  Losh! how the folk will stare;
And buckled on the Monday,
  I'll be my ain nae mair!
But nane the links shall sever
  That's twined that happy day,
For I'll be Willie's ever,
  And he'll be mine for aye.

PATIE THE PACKMAN.

O' A' the slee bodies that ever I saw,
The sleeist was Patie the Packman;
I'll lay ye my lugs, ere he let ye awa',
Ye'll hae cause to mind Patie the Packman:
He's a' outs an' ins, he's a' heads an' thraws,
He's a sharp-pointed humph on his back, man,
While a brass-banded box filled wi' uncas an' braws,
Smooths the hummie o' Patie the Packman.

He trots oot an' in, he rins here and there,
He's been at the moon, an' come back, man,
At bridal, at kirkin', at market, or fair,
Ye'll never miss Patie the Packman.
He 's a' gate, kens a' thing, sae dinna ye think
Ye'll ever get out o' his track, man;
Gin e'er ye're beglommered wi' love or wi' drink,
Ye'll be nailed by slee Patie the Packman.

In the bonnie grey gloamin', adown the green lane.
Gin ye tak yere ain lassie to walk, man,
When ye fain wad sit down on the auld mossy stane,
There sits little Patie the Packman.
Or gin the moonlicht wiles ye out 'mang the braird,
Or sets ye ayont the haystack, man,
What's sure to come hoastin' across the barnyard,
But "How are ye?" frae Patie the Packman.

Or whan the auld wives idly girn out their lives,
An' their noddles are a' on the rack, man,
Gin ony has seen Jockie crackin' wi' Jean,
They are seen by slee Patie the Packman.
He is sleek in the tongue, he is gleg in the een,
He is aye in the way for a crack, man,
An' there's never a knot o' true gossipers seen,
But there chatters Patie the Packman.

Be 't braws for the body, or food for the mind,
Be 't gown, ribbon, ballant, or tract, man,
Ye're sure to get a' ye are wantin' to find,
In the stowed box o' Patie the Packman.
The lassies gaun glaikit for men or for dress,
The bairnies a' skirlin' for "black-man;"
E'en wee buffy Jock, an' his daft titty Bess,
A' yaummer for Patie the Packman.

And he stots aye about, wi' his tongue and his pack,
Ye ne'er catch him wairin' a plack, man,
Till a braw merchant's shop opens up in a crack,
And there stands slee Patie the Packman.
It's gude to be pawkie, it's braw to be odd,
I'll no say slee Patie's a quack, man;
But mony wha fain wad tak up a' the road,
Maun mak room for slee Patie the Packman.

OLD AGE'S GARLAND.

O CAULD maun the heart be that 's no set a-lowe
When honour's green wreath circles eild's snawy pow;
And dim maun the ee be that glists nae to see
The young green buds sproutin' frae out the auld tree.
O ripe is the fruit on the stieve tree o' age,
Tho' age wad be young, an' tho' youth wad be sage;
There's nought half sae haly in a' Nature's plan,
As a white-headed, warm-hearted, couthie auld man.

When friends in auld age hae been cronies in youth,
On baith sides there's honour, on baith sides there's truth;
When white pow and white pow forgather wi' ither,
Wha life's stormy billows hae breastit thegither;
The lown lowe o' Virtue, Time's chilly sky warms,
And Truth is borne upwards in Hope's loving arms;
For Time's but a footstep, and Life's but a span,
But Heaven's the hame o' ilk couthie auld man.

THE FAIR TEACHER.

Fair Mary wi' the auburn locks,
What schoolboy days were mine,
Inhaling love and knowledge frae
Each glance and word o' thine!
A genial glance illumed each word
Frae thy bright lips that fell,
And wisdom learnt frae thee became
As lovely as thysel'.

Sweet Mary wi' the auburn locks,
Thy form so fairy small,
Wi' every look and gesture kind
I fondly now recall;—
I feel anew each touch and tone,
That with electric flame,
Rush'd wildly through my flooded veins,
And thrill'd ower a' my frame.

Dear Mary wi' the auburn locks,
The wisdom frae above
Is aye mair dearly prized when learned
Frae lips o' them we love:
And as my youthfu' thochts, dear maid,
Were upward led by thee,
O! gi'e thy pupil love for love,
And still my teacher be.

JOHN THAMSON'S CART.

Auld John Thamson rade hame frae the fair,
Late, late on a cauld winter night, O!
He had toomed his three coggies, an' maybe ane mair,
Nae ferlie his head it was light, O!
But his horse kenn'd the gate, sae John lay in his cart,
Sleeping as sound as a tap, O!
And the horse draigled on through the sleet an' the clart,
While Johnnie lay taking his nap, O!

At length at the foot o' a stieve an' stey brae,
Auld Bawsie drew breath an' stood still, O!
An' dozin' fell dreaming o' sweet scented hay,
While Jock dreamt o' rich reamin' yill, O!
John Thamson's gudewife cam her liege lord to seek,
Wi' a bowit that shone like a star, O!
For though she had lectured him week after week,
He grew aye the langer the waur, O!

My certy! quo' she, but I'll play him a fleg,
  As sure as Jean Thamson's my name, O!
Sae frae the cart trams syne she lowsed the auld naig.
  An' slippit it straught awa' hame, O!
The wind it blew bleak, and John Thamson awoke.
  An' he hyted, he huppit—in vain, O!
He ferlied what gaured his horse stand like a stock.
  Till he graipit an' felt it was gane, O!

Syne back to the toll in a hurry he ran,
  An' the tollman he wauked in a fricht, O!
"Can I be John Thamson? come tell me, gudeman,
  Has John Thamson passed by the nicht, O?"
"Gude help us man, Jock, is't yoursel' or your ghost?"
  The tollman he cried wi' a start, O!
"Gin I be John Thamson a horse I hae lost,
  But gin no, I hae fund—a cart, O!"

John Thamson grew sober, John Thamson ran hame,
  Skelp, skelping through dub an' through mire, O!
He was met at the door by his couthy auld dame,
  Wha luggit him straught to the byre, O!
There his horse stood fu' snug, "Ay, puir Bawsie," quo' she,
  "He eats, he drinks only his fill, O!"
"Ah!" quo' Jock, "but he hadna a crony like me,
  Sayin', 'Here's t'ye,' oure a drap yill, O!"

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Alane I wander, alane I pine,
Whaur nane can hear, an' whaur nane can see,
To sigh ower the days o' auld lang syne,
Wi' brimfou' bosom an' tearfu' ee.
There's nane to feel or to care for me,
There's nane to ken the wanderer noo,
Wha roamed these mountains in youthfu' glee,
But climbs them noo wi' a careworn broo.

For hopeless love did I leave my hame,
For hopeless love did I lang to dee;
My love, my langin' are still the same,
But my dear Mary,—O whaur is she!
And what are thae changeless hills to me,
The flowery brae, or the wimplin' burn?
Yon green grave only meets my ee,
An' cauld death welcomes my lane return.

THE AULD SCHULE.

Is there ony that kens nae my auld uncle Watty,
Wi' 's buckled knee breekums an' three cockit hattie?
Is there ony that kens nae my auld auntie Matty,
Wi' 'r wee black silk cloak, and her red collar'd cattie?
O, auld uncle Watty,
An' auld aunty Matty,
Ye may gang whaur ye like, but their match ye'll ne'er see!

They've saved a' they hae, tho' they never were greedy,
Gang to their house hungry, they're sure aye to feed ye,
Gang to their house tatter'd, they're sure aye to cleed ye;
Oh! wha'll fill their place to the puir an' the needy?
O, auld uncle Watty,
An' auld aunty Matty,
Ye're kindly to a', but ye're kinder to me!

I mind nae o' mither, I mind nae o' faither,
Yet ne'er kent the ha'ein' or wantin' o' either.

For the puir orphan sprout that was left here to wither,
Gat uncle for faither,—gat aunty for mither.
O, auld uncle Watty,
An' auld aunty Matty,
Few orphans hae uncle and aunty like me!

An' didna my bosom beat fondly an' fou,
When up like an aik 'neath their nursin' I grew;
While a tear in their ee, or a clud on their brow,
Was aye sure to pierce my fond heartie richt through.
O, auld uncle Watty,
An' auld aunty Matty,
Ye're faither, ye're mither, ye're a' thing to me!

But luve play'd a pliskie, that maist rave asunder
Three hearts that ye'll no find the like in a hunder;
I married wee Mary, to a'body's wonder,
An' maistly had paid for my het-headed blunder—
For auld uncle Watty—
An' auld aunty Matty—
Vow'd they ne'er wad own either Mary or me.

But Mary's kind heart, aye sae coothy and slee,
Sune won the auld bodies as she had won me;
When our callant cam hame, to the kirk wi't cam she,
Ca'd it Watty—the auld folk sat bleer't in the ee.

An' auld uncle Watty,
An' auld aunty Matty,
C'am cuddlin' the wean hame 'tween Mary an' me.

An' wow but the callant grows luirdly an' strang,
There's nae Carritch question, nor auld Scottish sang,
But the loon screeds ye aff in the true Lowland twang,
I doubtna he'll beat his ain faither or lang;
For auld uncle Watty,
An' auld aunty Matty,
Are learnin' the callant as ance they did me.

Gae bring me the pinks o' your famed infant schules,
Whais wee pows are laden wi' newfangled rules,
Gif wee Watty dinna mak a' o' them fools,
I'll e'en gie ye leave to lay me in the mools:
An' auld uncle Watty,
An' auld aunty Matty,
May throw down their buiks an' gae booby for me.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

The autumn wind sighs mournfully,
The withered leaf falls flickering down;
The mateless bird churms woefully,
The earth is wrapt in faded brown,
While hearts bereaved of friends once dear,
Feel deep response in scenes so drear.

Sad sighs the wind for leaf and flower,
That erst had given it sweet perfume,
But yon tall tree in prime and power,
Laughs while he waves his leafless plume;—
"For withered leaf or flower, why mourn?
New leaves and flowers with spring return."

Have come, have gone a hundred years,
The tall tree waxes old and hoar,
And falls to earth 'mid nature's tears,
The wind sighs sadly as of yore,
"Alas!" exclaims the dying tree,
"I dreamt of immortality."

"Hush!" sighs the wind, "go, still thy grief,
From thine old stock young trees shall rise,
Thou'rt part of time like flower or leaf
That smiling buds, and weeping dies,
And couldst not hope when all decay,
That thou alone shouldst live for aye."

Life springs from death with new-born power,
Though time and death record decay;
And though man, like the leaf and flower,
May pass from life and time away;
His thoughts survive, when he hath gone
Back to the great Eternal One!

THE SPUNK SPLITTERS.

Doun a steep crookit close, lowerin' ourie and grim,
Whaur the windows are few, and the lichts they are dim,
Whaur twa winkin' lamps in the keen frosty nicht
Send up their lang columns o' dim smeekit licht,
And the heigh hoary houses, maist meetin' aboon,
Keep out ilka blink o' the red fozzy moon,
There's ae window shines thro' the darkness sae dun,—
That's the hame o' auld Dumpie and Duncan her son.

There's a strang gurly blast, blawin' snell frae the south,—
Ne'er mind, but slip into the dark entry-mouth,
And stap up ae story, nor ferlie ye sair,
Tho' close by your lug a bit donkey should rair;
Nor heed, when you get to the story aboon,
Tho' some squeekin' grumphies in concert may croon,
Ne'er fash, but dart up like the shot o' a gun,
Till ye win up to Dumpie and Duncan her son.

Yet while ye're gaun up to see what's gaun on there,
Tak tent o' your feet in that worn windin' stair:
Nor cower for the tyke wi' its lang eerie howl,
Nor swarf for the cat, wi' its starved wailing yowl,
Nor the wee whingein' wean, skyting doun wi' a skirl,
Nor the half open door, dauded to wi' a dirl;
Up—up to the garret, I'll wad ye get fun,
Gif ance ye reach Dumpie and Duncan her son.

Ne'er mind tho' auld Dumps, when ye rap at the door,
May bid ye gae wa', wi' a gruff girnin' roar,
Her bark's no her bite, sae ne'er mind ye her din,
But lift up the sneck and pap cannily in:
Put on your best specks if ye're short in the sight,
Shut out a' the dark, and let in a' the light,
And finish the pictur' that I hae begun,
For now ye see Dumpie and Duncan her son.

But just for their sakes wha might hae to come far,
To ken what this couple o' queer bodies are,
And might think him a beggar, and her an auld hunks,
I may hint that the bodies are thrang splittin' spunks,
That they're aft scant o' meat, and sair scrimpit o' claes,
That they've warsled gey sair wi' the warld a' their days,
Yet aye wi' their ain hands their leevin' they've won,
O wha lo'es nae Dumpie and Duncan her son!

The last whiles are first, there's an Ee up aboon,
Tho' we seldom look up, never tires lookin' doon,
That taks a' the feckless aye under its ken,
The wee hungry birds, and the weak sons o' men,
That Ee sheddin' radiance ower nature afar,
Illumin' each planet, and lightin' each star,
While sparklin' wi' glory it kindles the sun,
Lichts the lown hearts o' Dumpie and Duncan her son.

LAMENT FOR A SISTER.

One kiss, dear sister, ere they come
To bear thy form away,
And leave to moulder in the tomb
Thy pure and holy clay.

The genial smile that arched thy cheek
Hath never changed or fled,
I gaze upon thy face so meek,
And cannot think thee dead.

But ah! thine eyes are closed in night,
Thy lips are sealed and pale,
For me no tearful eye beams bright,
No soft voice lulls my wail.

Another kiss!—within the tomb
Thy form they haste to lay,

But far above the sable gloom
I see thee bright as day.

Pure angel! shade me with thy wings
In sorrow's gloomy night,
And o'er life's murky wanderings,
Strew thou celestial light.

LAMENT FOR A SON.

Mine own sweet child, my bright-eyed boy.
My soul still clings to thee;
And all creation smiling fair,
Is dark and sad to me.

Thy broad deep brow, thy manly lip,
I kissed with pride and joy,
And dreamt the task I'd leave undone
Was thine, my noble boy.

But death hath nipt my infant flower
When bursting into bloom,
And all my hopes of happiness
Are buried in the tomb.

The cankered wound will never heal,
It rankles green and sore,
And every happy face I see,
The wound but festers more.

Earth's beauteous brow is decked with flowers
Fresh from the hand of June,
And lark and linnet flood the air
With one melodious tune.—

These flowers so fair, these birds so gay,
They mock my poignant woe,
They bloom, they sing above the grave
Where my fair child lies low.

REQUIEM FOR A SON.

Shut up that dark and gloomy cave,
There let the black earth lie,
My angel boy required no grave,
He sought his native sky.—

His native sky, where sparkling bright,
His eye leads in the dawn,
And twinkles 'mid the stars of night,
That light the dewy lawn.

When that fair body waned away,
And cruel Death drew nigh,
His glorious soul felt no decay,
Nought dimm'd that lustrous eye.

No monumental stone then rear,
To cheat me of my joy;
In every star that sparkles clear,
I see mine angel boy!

COAL JOCK.

King o' the coal mine, dingy Knicht,
Wi' phiz sae grim, an' ee sae bricht,
Stand still, ye black an' coomy fricht,
I'll jot ye doun;
Syne bawl awa' wi' a' your micht,
An' wauk the toun.

When was there e'er a word o' truth
Cam frae that muckle, thick-lipp'd mouth,
That, burning wi' a stounding tooth,
Dries up your craigie,
An' gapes wi' a perpetual drouth
For dear Kilbagie?

Drink less, an' feed your naigie better,
For mony corn-bing ye're its debtor;
Poor brute, it needs nae rape or fetter
To tie it up,
At yillhouse doors a patient waiter
On your gee-hup!

The puir auld brute's bow-houghed an' blin',
Sharp-pointed banes shine through its skin;
Its mar'less shoon are worn as thin
As Queen Anne coins;
An' oh! its scant o' pith an' win'
To climb steep wyn's.

Your sair patch'd cart sae jolts and reels,
Wi' squeakin' trams an' creakin' wheels,
An' whomles aft your horse's heels
Sae hie in air,
That no a passer by but feels
Baith grieved an' sair.

I kenna how ye pass the tolls,
Or get bawbees to pay your coals,
Amang the needy, naked shoals
That winter cruel
Sends crawlin' forth, frae cauld bleak holes
To grawl for fuel.

Ah! what a crowd o' shiverin' wretches
Here cower in rags, or limp on crutches:
Ane wha wad fain hae been a duchess,
Now sair disjaskit,
Gathers sma' coals, and vends braw mutches
A' in ae basket.

Anither shows some glitterin' toys,
Wi' dalls for lassies—ba's for boys,
Plays on a trump, whase pleasin' noise
Delights Jock's ear,
An' aff he bears his penny prize
His naig to cheer.

Ane o' the street-musician crew
Is busy priggin' wi' him now,
An' twa auld sangs he swears are new,
He pawns on Jock,
For an auld hod o' coals half-fou,—
A weel-match'd troke.

Here comes a genty cleanly grannie,
Wi' sma' coal-tub an' wee meal-cannie;
Ye canna weel refuse her penny,
It's e'en her a';
Yes, fegs, ye'll fill her tub, an' winna
Tak aught ava.

Let him wha scowls on sic as thee,
But come an' watch thy tricks like me,
He'll aye find some redeeming plea,
Some kindly feature,
To gaur him gaze wi' brighter ee,
On human nature.

Puir, wairdless wretch! ye'd need anither
Wi' stern rebuke your heart to wither;
For me, I'm blithe to halt an' swither
Afore I fyke ye;
I feel I'm e'en a failin' brither,
An' far ower like ye.

Alack, alack! crime's never scant
Amang the pale-faced sons o' want;
Yet grit folk shouldna gape an' gaunt,
An' shake their pows,
But something frae their pantries grant
To feed toom mou's.

'Tis poortith's keen an' witherin' blight,
That gi'es to crime its greatest might;
Gif want 's awa, temptation 's light
To beg or steal;
Then pity poortith's wretched plight,
An' help, an' feel!

THE TOUN DRUMMER.

Aye drummin' an' ruffin',
Aye soakin' an' scuffin',
Aye jokin' an' stuffin',
Ken ye Tam an' his drum?

I trow he's a stuffy wee cricket,
Tho' cruikit, wee-buikit, an' stickit,
He 's no very easily licket,
Stuffy wee Tam an' his drum.
Whaure'er maut or mischief is brewin',
Whaure'er there is aught to get fou on,
Whaure'er there is onything new in,
You're sure to meet Tam an' his drum.

A' sleepy new-married folks, scornin'
To rise up betimes in the mornin',
Gie Tammie his fee an' his warnin',
He's sure to be there wi' his drum.

The bride in a flusterin' flurry,
The bridegroom a' foaming wi' fury.
He bangs on his claes in a hurry,
An' curses baith Tam an' his drum.

At twalhours, when knee-breekit carles
Slip in to their whisky an' farles,
Gin Tammie has gotten his arles,
He's sure to be there wi' his drum.
At ilka puir bodie's cross roupin',
At ilka bit niffer or coupin',
The moment ye ca' the gill-stoup in,
You're sure to see Tam an' his drum.

At e'enin' when ten o'clock's chappin',
An' wark-folks a' hameward are stappin',
Straught up the High Street he comes pappin',
An' shuts a' the shops wi' his drum.
At midnight when bodies get bouzie,
An' set up in flames their bit housie,
Wee Tammie, half-naked an' touzie,
Awaukens the town wi' his drum.

When our Bailies, wi' round chubby faces,
Are coached down in state to the races,

A' the horses show off their best paces,
At tuck o' wee Tam an' his drum.
I trow he is merry an' cheery,
Wi' Tammie ye canna weel weary,
But a' wad gang heeliegoleery,
Gin ye wanted wee Tam an' his drum.

WHUP THE CAT.

O WHA's the loun can clout the claes?
Canty Davie, dainty Davie;
Wha the lassock's hearts can raise
Like little tailor Davie?

Though callants ca' him Whup-the-Cat,
And men-folk ban his gabbin' chat,
The lassies they find nae sic faut
Wi' kindly little Davie.

O blythe is ilka bodie's house,
Whaur Davie sits and cracks fou crouse,
Nae post-bag 's half sae cramm'd wi' news
As glib-mou'd tailor Davie.

The weanies round him in a raw,
He raises sic a loud guffaw,

You'll hear the din a mile awa'
O' them and tailor Davie.

The auld man's roomy waddin' coat,
Wi' age an' moths scarce worth a groat,
Maks breeks to Tam, an' coat to Jock,
An' spats to tailor Davie.
O wha's the loun, &c.

GIE A WEAN HIS PARRITCH.

Gi'e a wean his parritch,
An' dinna spare the sour-douk can,
An' wi' a bawbee carritch,
I'll mak your son a man!

In days o' yore when I was young,
We learn'd to read our mither tongue,
An' mony raps wi' rape and rung,
We gat to mind our carritch.

New-fangled schules hae ither laws,
Wi' mony English hums an' haws,
But leeze me on a bunch o' taws,
An' a bawbee carritch.

A rousin' pawmie on the loof
Will waken up a sleepy coof,
An' gaur him gie ye scripture proof
For a' the single carritch.

Your wee toun getts, sae glib an' sma',
They winna stand a yerk ava,
So a' my scholars rin awa'
Frae my taws an' carritch.

An' guess ye what the deelies did?
They brunt my taws, my wig they hid,
Syne lap upon the bunker lid,
And danced upon the carritch.

Yet what for need I make my mane,
Sin' thae auld times are lang bygane,
Let's hope the days will come again
When weans will mind their carritch.

THREE TIMES CROWDIE IN A DAY.

Wee bit bruckit, drunken bodie,
  Drinkin', daidlin' a' the day,
Gin ye winna work for crowdie,
  What can your puir wifie do?

A' the weans cry crowdie, crowdie,
  Crowdie, mammy, crowdie mae,
Till the wee bit hungry totts
  Hae crowdied a' my meal away.

In comes Jockie frae the schule,
  In comes Davock frae his play;
The twa twin tottums on my knee
  Are skirlin' for their crowdie too.

The auld blind man cam to the door,
  Wist ye but my heart was wae,

To let him gang without his crowdie,
But my meal was a' away.

Twasome dainty strappin' callants,
Twasome lassock twins we hae,
But gin ye winna work for crowdie,
Ne'er o' me 'll hae ony mae.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

Who'll go with me over the sea,
Breasting the billows merrily,
With a tight little ship, and a bright can of flip?
What heart but braves it cheerily?
Winds may blow,
High or low,
Steady! ready! merry! cheery! Jack's the go!

The star of love that beams above,
Shines down all pure and holily;
We'll brave the breeze, we'll sweep the seas,
With bosoms beating jollily:
Winds may blow,
High or low,
Stead! ready! merry! cheery! Jack's the go!

Then, while we're afloat in our island boat,
Let's reef and steer her warily;

And if our foes dare come to blows,
We'll meet them taut and yarily:
Winds may blow,
High or low,
Steady! ready! merry! cheery! Jack's the go!

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

A SOLDIER'S life is a merry, merry life,
With his musket over his shoulder,
He marches on through blood and strife,
Bolder still, and bolder;
'Mid cannon's roar and trumpet's blast,
'Mid bombs and bullets flying,
He tears away like a man to the last,
And dares the foe when dying.

Then oh! how snug when he's left the trench,
And at home in barracks laying,
He strolls about with his buxom wench,
The never a penny paying;
He 'lists recruits, gets drunk and fights,
He swaggers, swears, and blusters,
Goes home, and shakes himself to rights,
Then on parade he musters.

Then oh! how merrily rolls away
The life of a gallant soldier;
Kill or no kill, he pockets his pay,
And heaves care o'er his shoulder;
And tho' an eye or limb is lost,
With his pension every quarter,
He quaffs his grog at his country's cost,
And is crown'd his country's martyr.

Then how shall any dare set up,
To cope with a soldier's glory!
A swad with his girl, his gun, and his cup,
Is the star of Briton's story.
And while you've noble Wellington,
With a gallant British army,
No Russian Bear, nor Spanish Don,
Nor the devil himself, shall harm ye.

AS THE AULD COCK CRAWS.

As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns:
Aye tak ye care what ye do afore bairns;
Their heads are muckle, though their limbs are wee.
An' oh! the wee totts are gleg in the ee:
Then dinna fricht your laddie wi' the "black boo" man,
But let him douk his lugs in his wee parritch pan:
Lay ye his rosy cheek upon your mou' a wee,
How the rogue will laugh when his minny's in his ee!

As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns:
Aye tak ye care what ye do afore bairns;
Though vice may be muckle, and virtue may be wee,
Yet a sma' speck o' light will woo the dullest ee:
Then dinna fricht us a' wi' the muckle black deil,
But show us mercy's bonnie face, an' teach us to feel;
Though we think like men, we should feel like bairns.—
As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns.

THE FATHER'S KNEE.

Oh ! happy is the mither o' ilk little pet,
Who has a happy faither by the ingle set,
Wi' ae wee tottum sleepin' 'neath its mither's ee,
Anither tottum creepin' up its faither's knee.
Aye rockin', rockin', aye rockin' ree,
Pu'ing at his stockin', climbin' up his knee.

Although our wee bit biggin' there be few who ken,
Beneath our theekit riggin', bien 's the but and ben ;
Although about the creepy bairnies canna gree,
They cuddle—when they're sleepy, on their faither's knee.
They're aye wink, winkin', wi' the sleepy ee,
Or aye jink, jinkin', round their faither's knee.

Although the sun o' simmer scarce glints through the bole,
Oh ! kindly is the glimmer o' our candle coal ;
And bright the rays o' glory stream frae heaven hie,
When gude grandsire hoary bends his aged knee ;
Baith the parents kneelin' by their totts sae wee—
Holy is the feeling offer'd on the knee.

I ferlie gin in palace, or in lordly ha',
Their hearts are a' as hale, as in our cot sae sma' —
Gin the Royal Mither can her lassies see,
Cuddlin' their wee brithers on their faither's knee?—
What to her kind bosie are her kingdoms three.
Unless her totts are cosie on their faither's knee?

WE'VE A' TA'EN THE RUE, AN' GROWN CALLANTS AGAIN.

We've a' ta'en the rue, an' grown callants again ;
We've a' ta'en the rue, an' grown callants again :
Man's honour is folly, his wisdom is vain—
We've ta'en a new thocht, an' grown callants again.

We'll aff to fair Roslin an' sweet Habbie's Howe,
By fairy-led streamlet, and castle-crowned knowe ;
We'll climb the high Pentlands, without pech or grane,—
The green hills will mak us a' callants again.

O, wha wad hae wisdom that comes when ye're auld ?
An' wha wad hae honours that bend ye twa-fauld ?
Man grows till a sage, an' a sage till a wean—
Sae we've ta'en a new lease, an' grown callants again.

Thus man wad be callant, an' callant be man ;
We shouther through life a' as canny 's we can ;

The best way ava 's ne'er to mak ony mane,—
But loup, kick the ba', an' grow callants again.

Oh, manhood gains glory, an' age gather's gear.
But bairn-time has joys that the heart aye hauds dear:
An' wadna the loun be right bauld to complain,
Wha can cast aff his age, an' grow callant again?

THE GREY HILL PLAID.

Tho' cauld and drear our muirland hame
Amang the wreaths o' snaw,
Yet love here lowes wi' purer flame
Than lights the lordly ha';
For ilka shepherd's chequer'd plaid
Has room enough for twa,
And coshly shields his mountain maid
Frae a' the blasts that blaw.
Then hey the plaid! the grey hill plaid,
That haps the heart sae true;
Dear, dear to every mountain maid,
Are plaid an' bonnet blue.

What tho' we're few upon the muir,
We lo'e each other mair,
And to the weary wanderin' puir
We've comfort aye to spare.

The heart that feels for ither's woes
  Can ne'er keep love awa';
And twa young hearts, when beating close,
  Can never lang be twa.
    Then hey the plaid! the grey hill plaid.
    That haps the heart sae true;
    Dear, dear to every mountain maid,
    Are plaid an' bonnet blue.

ALAS! THAT I CAM OWER THE MUIR.

Alas! that I cam ower the muir,
And left my love behind me;
Alas! that ane sae fair and pure,
For ever couldna bind me.
I wander there, I wander here,
Yet dowie thoughts remind me
O' her sad look and silent tear,
When I left her behind me.
But I'll my truant steps retrace,
Ance mair I'll see her peerless face,
Her gentle breast may deign me grace,
Though I left her behind me.

What though I own a broad domain,
Ower mony miles extending,
And her auld sire a humble swain,
Wha barely maks a fending!
What low debasing wealth was mine,
Wi' earth that had entwined me,

And gaured me leave ane a' divine,
Alane to mourn behind me.
But I'll re-cross that eerie plain,
Her virgin heart is still my ain,
I'll own my faut and ne'er again
Will leave my love behind me.

MY FIDDLE AND ME.

O Nature is bonny an' blythesome to see,
Wi' the gowd on her brow an' the light in her ee ;
An' sweet is her summer-sang rollin' in glee,
As it thrills the heart-strings o' my fiddle an' me.

When the young mornin' blinks through amang the black cluds,
An' the southland breeze rustles out through the green wuds ;
The lark in the lift, and the merle on the tree,
Baith strike the key-note to my fiddle an' me.

When amang the crisp heather upon the hill-side,
Mine ee fu' o' rapture, my soul fu' o' pride ;
The wee heather lintie an' wild hinnie-bee
A' join in the strain wi' my fiddle an' me.

When daunderin' at e'en doun the dark dowie dells,
To cheer the wee gowans, an' charm the wee bells—
The sweet purling rill wimples doun to the sea,
Dancing light to the notes o' my fiddle an' me.

At kirn or at weddin', at tryst or at fair,
There's nae saul-felt music unless we be there:
Wi' a spark in my heart, an' a drap in my ee,
The vera floor loups to my fiddle an' me.

My fiddle's my life-spring, my fiddle's my a',
She clings to me close when a' else are awa';
Time may force friends to part, he may wyle faes to gree,
Death only can part my auld fiddle an' me.

THE WHISTLEWOOD TREE.*

Oh! welcome the genial voice o' young May,
When lilting amang the woods cheery and gay,
While boughs rustle gently and leaves flutter free,
How sweet is the sough o' the whistlewood tree.
Oh! sweet, &c.

Oh! welcome the saft southland breezes that blaw,
Awaking the bellflowers in greenwood and shaw,
While a' the wee birds nestlin' lown on the lee,
Wi' joy hail the sough o' the whistlewood tree.
Wi' joy, &c.

Sweet simmer's been sigh'd for in valley and plain,
As I sigh for Sandy, when Sandy is gane;

* The name given in rural districts in Scotland to the saugh or willow, the young branches of which are manufactured by rustic juveniles into homely whistles.

But Sandy an' simmer come linkin' in glee,
Sae welcome the sough o' the whistlewood tree
Oh! welcome, &c.

There's music without, when there's feeling within,
The sweet chords o' nature mak a' nature kin:
The lark's hame is laigh, tho' he sings far on hie,
Frae heaven's the sough o' the whistlewood tree.
Frae heaven, &c.

A LOVE WREATH.

Come, my charmer, list thy praise;
Thou hast woke my slumb'ring lyre;
Thou hast wreathed my head with bays,
Thou hast lit my soul with fire:
Come, then, all my thoughts inspire,
With thy beauty and thy love,
And let virtuous fond desire
Coming down from heaven above,
Flower this wreath I weave for thee
With bright buds of purity.

Sweeter thou than morning fair,
Gentler than the pale moonbeam,
Softer than the summer air,
Purer than the silver stream;
Holy as an infant's dream,

Are thy thoughts that heavenward rise:
Piercing as the lightning's gleam
Is the lustre of thine eyes;
Wit and purity combine
In each thought and glance of thine.

Hark! the lark in glory floats,
Piping forth his matin lay;
Thrush and linnet mingle notes,
Music swells from every spray;
But if thou shouldst chance to stray
'Mong the woodlands glistening green,
And one little note essay,
All the feather'd choir are seen
Listening mute to that sweet tone,
Fondly deeming it their own.

To the sweet Forget-me-not
Bends the Blue-bell on its stem,
Fearful lest they be forgot,
When thou smiling passest them;
But each little fairy gem
Blooming bell, and glassy cup,
Sparkles like a diadem,
Drinking all thy glances up;
Brightening all the flowery lea
With reflected light from thee.

Mark the blushing heather bloom,
Bright on mountain, moor, and lea,
Load the air with rich perfume,
And with sweets the honey-bee ;
Listen to the melody
Of the shepherd's native strains,
Now in sadness, now in glee,
Swelling over Scotia's plains ;
All are sweet, and dear to me,
Emblems, Nature's child, of thee.

THE PEARLY BROW.

"Oh! whaur gat ye that pearly brow,
An' whaur gat ye that rosy mou',
An' whaur gat ye thae een sae blue,
That play sic pranks wi' mine, jo?"
"The ne'er a pearl there's on my brow,
The ne'er a rose blaws on my mou',
My een ye canna ken their hue,
They ne'er were raised to thine, jo."

"Ae glance, ae sparkling glance was mine,
An' Hope has dwalt wi' me sinsyne;
Then let these stars in mercy shine
On him wha worships thee, jo."
"Seek stars in heaven, for there they shine,
Gae worship at some haly shrine,
Pay homage to some saint divine,
Ye maunna worship me, jo."

"But I maun love, and loving seek
Like love frae thee, sae pure and meek;
Then dinna that fair bosom steek
'Gainst ane wha loves but thee, jo."
The lassie blush'd, she couldna speak,
Deep crimson roses flush'd her cheek,
While wi' a silent sidelang keek,
She shower'd love's light on me, jo.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

The wifie wha sits by her gudeman's knee,
An' keeks in his face wi' her slee black ee;
Losh! how the bodie will startle and stare,
Gin she see in his pow the first grey hair.

Ere the leaves o' the forest hae fa'en or hae dow'd,
When the fields are a' wimplin' an' wavin' in gowd:
Losh! how the farmer will shiver an' quake,
Gin he see at his feet the first snaw-flake.

When fortune is couthie, an' freens are a' leal,
An' wifie an' weanies are canty an' weel,
Ah! how ye feel gin Death maks his first ca',
An' taks e'en your youngest bit tottum awa!

The early grey hair, an' the early snaw-flake,
May weel mak us cower, an' may weel mak us quake;

But oh! when the young bud is reft frae the tree,
The auld leafless trunk sune maun wither an' dee.

In stern auld December, in smiling young May,
We see Nature changing, we mark her decay;
But the first hint to manhood o' eild's chilly care,
Is the icicle look o' the first grey hair.

THE OUTCAST.

I STRAY alang the lanely knowe,
I cour aneath the birken bough,
  Till gloamin' fa's ower muir an' lea,
  An' a' grows mirk an' eer' like me.

But mirker cluds maun wrap his breast.
To whom this trusting heart was prest,
  Thus to forget the solemn vow
  He plighted 'neath that birken bough.

I canna sigh, I canna weep,
I dream o' death's unbroken sleep;
  Gin ae wee tear wad fill my ee,
  'Twere mercy's blessed dew to me.

Yet if an outcast dare to pray
To Thee wha art the orphan's stay,
  Oh, lay not to the spoiler's part,
  His broken vows, my broken heart!

IT'S A LANG LANE THAT HASNA A TURNIN'.

"Gang on, man, gang on, man, why should you tyne hope,
The road is weel trodden, then why wad ye stop?
See, hie on the hill a bricht beacon is burnin'—
It's a lang lane that hasna a turnin'."

"I wad fain reach the tap, I wad fain climb the brae,
But scowling misfortune stands barrin' my way:
I canna weel thole siccan frownin' an' spurnin'—
It's a lang road, an' hasna a turnin'."

"Toot, lassocks, ye ken, are whiles gey hard to win,
They frown an' say no, when they 're only in fun:
The best stibble butter taks langest o' churnin'—
It's a lang road that hasna a turnin'."

"I canna walk weel, for the road's strewn wi' briers,
I canna see weel, for my ee 's dim wi' tears:
I canna stand out, I am weary sojournin'—
It's a lang road, and hasna a turnin'."

"Be brave, persevere, though your hopes may be sma'.
Be brave, an' misfortune afore ye shall fa':
Fair day dawns mair bright, after dark nights o' mournin'—
It's a lang road that hasna a turnin'."

On, on, wends the pilgrim, with hope-kindled breast,
Nor stays he, till high on the mountain's proud crest,
He ferlies what kept him sae lang sittin' girnin'—
It 's a lang road that hasna a turnin'.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

A voice from the dead must have warbled the strain
Which raises old times thus in vision again;
And friends who were waiting the dread trumpet's blast,
Have left their cold graves at this Voice from the past.

The melody swells—'tis the voice of gone years,
Now kindling to rapture—now melting to tears;
And age's drear sky with dark sorrows o'ercast,
Is lit by youth's sun, by this Voice from the past.

Gay visions surround me—I feel me a boy,
My mother's pale face flushes crimson with joy;
I kiss her—I press her—sweet vision, oh last!
Or waft me to heaven on this Voice from the past.

The melody fades, hark! it mounts far on high,
A seraph is singing a lay of the sky,
To lead up the soul when the frame 's sinking fast—
'Twas thine, O my mother! this lay of the past.

LINTON LAURIE.

I TINT my heart ae morn in May,
  When burdies sang on ilka tree,
When dew-draps hung on ilka spray,
  And lammies played on ilka lea:
O Linton Laurie, Linton Laurie,
  Aye sae fond ye trowed to be,
I never wist sae bricht a morn
  Sae dark a nicht wad bring to me!

O Linton's words sae saftly fell,
  Sae slee the glamour o' his ee,
That I hae never been mysel'
  Sin' e'er he spak and keek't to me:
O Linton Laurie, Linton Laurie,
  Come, dear Laurie, back to me;
And siccan love I bear to you,
  E'en your forgettin' will forgi'e!

His absence I'll nae langer bear,
  My grief I canna langer dree,
I'll gang a thousand miles an' mair,
  My Laurie's manly form to see.
O Linton Laurie, Linton Laurie,
  Gin ye'll come to Logan Lea,
I'll mak ye Laird o' Logan Ha',
  And I your loving wife will be.

THE GLOAMIN' HOUR.

The wee freckled cluds ower the blue lift are roamin',
The waves ripple light ower the sea,
And the pearly mantle o' dark grey gloamin'
Fa's silkenly saft around me;
And wow but my heart dances boundin' and licht,
And my bosom beats blythesome and cheery,
When I see the black locks o' the pawky-ee'd nicht,
That sae kindly hap me an' my dearie.

Your birdies an' bardies may warble and sing,
And praise the bricht glories o' day,
But lovers, true lovers, can do nae sic thing,
For they weary till daylicht 's away;
Then in the lone glen, whaur there 's naething to start,
Oh, 'tis sweet when there 's naebody near ye,
An' naething is heard but the beat o' your heart,
Echoed back by the heart o' your dearie.

O love! thou canst licht up the darkness o' nicht,
Thou canst brichten the mirkest hour;
And the heaven o' bliss, in a stown modest kiss,
Brings sunshine when dark shadows lower.
Then let him wha complains o' life's troubles and pains,
And feels himsel' dowie an' eerie,
Gae doun the lane glen, and let naebody ken
But himsel' an' his ain lovin' dearie!

THE TRYSTING TREE.

The trysting tree, the trysting tree,
O dear that gnarly trunk to me!
My saul hath been in heaven hie
When wooing 'neath the trysting tree.

The birds lay silent in their nests,
The flowers lay faulded on the lea,
An' a' was still, save our twa breasts,
Warm throbbing 'neath the trysting tree.

We sigh'd, we blush'd, but a' was hush'd,
For no ae word to spare had we;
But ae chaste kiss spak o' our bliss,
Aneath the dear auld trysting tree.

We made nae tryst, we changed nae vows,
But, aye when daylight closed his ee,
We somehow met aneath the boughs
O' that auld kindly trysting tree.

But grief an' time hae wrought sad wark
  Upon that dear auld tree an' me;
The light that lit my soul is dark,
  The leaves hae left the trysting tree.

The trysting tree, the trysting tree,
  Though dear its twisted trunk to me,
It wrings my heart, and droons my ee,
  To gaze upon that trysting tree.

THE LADY OF DEAN.

There's sadness and sorrow, there's wailing and woe.
Lone breasts are heaving, and silent tears flow;
Autumn hath gone, and cold winter blows keen—
Faded and dead is the Lady of Dean.

Oh! woe for the aged, and woe for the poor,
That angel brings joy to their dwellings no more:
The orphan's bright tear-drops that glisten'd like sheen,
Were made pearls of joy by the Lady of Dean.

Her voice was attuned the sad mourner to cheer,
Her step fell like music on age's dull ear;
So humble her spirit, so gentle her mien,
The poorest claim'd kin with the Lady of Dean.

When living all deem'd her an angel of light,—
Now dead, all believe her a star shining bright;

If Mercy's sweet angel on earth e'er was seen,
She lived, and she died, in the Lady of Dean.

Pale Death shrinks aghast from the deed he hath done,
All twined with sad yew is the wreath he hath won;
The meek winter flower gems the turf growing green,
That covers the grave of the Lady of Dean!

WEE BOO PEEP.

Wee Boo Peep, he lies rowin' on the floor,
Rum tumblin' up an' doun, dorty an' dour:
Sour as a sourack, and round as a neep,
A queer wirly warly is our Boo Peep.

Wee Boo Peep, he dances and he sings,
He laughs and he skirls till the hale house rings;
His fair wee face whiles is black as a sweep,
But warm are the lips aye o' Wee Boo Peep.

Wee Boo Peep, he chuckles and he leers,
His een glist wi' glee, or glammerit wi' tears;
He craws like a cock, he baas like a sheep,
Ye canna tell what's up wi' Wee Boo Peep.

Wee Boo Peep, gin ye ettle him to check,
He'll clamber your knee, an' he'll cling round your neck.
He'll gaur your mou' smack with sae couthie a cheep,
Ye canna speak a harsh word to Wee Boo Peep.

Wee Boo Peep, he is slippery as an eel,
Gleg as a wummle, and fleet as a wheel;
He rows doun the brae, he rins up the steep,
Here, there, everywhere, is Wee Boo Peep.

Wee Boo Peep, his banes maun whiles be sair,
Fa'in' aff stools, or tumblin' doun the stair:
But whaur is the heicht whaur he winna creep?
He'll ride on the riggin' yet, Wee Boo Peep.

THE PENTLAND HILLS.

Hail, ancient friends! with ardour fain
I come to tread your heath again,
To climb each crag and flowery brae,
To muse where living streamlets play.
To gaze upon the changing skies
That flood your heights with orient dyes,
To dream, while lonely Nature stills
Each breath, each sound, on Pentland Hills.

Yet whence those sounds that stir my soul,
Those liquid tones that trembling roll?
Sweet as the skylark's matin song
On May's young breath they float along.
They tell of bleating lambs and sheep,
Of brawling torrents foaming deep;
They murmur of melodious rills,
Hark! 'tis the voice of Pentland Hills.

Those airy tones that lightly float,
Seem bursting from the linnet's throat;
Anon, afar the shy cuckoo
Soothes with his strain the lone curlew;
The grasshopper, with elfin drum,
Beats time unto the wild bee's hum;
And, with a low sweet music, fills
Each fairy nook of Pentland Hills.

But lo! the cadence louder swells—
The chimes of fair Edina's bells,
Far in the distance, wake the ear;
Anon they burst in fulness near,
And o'er grey crag and valley green,
Each tiny leaf is dancing seen,
And every streamlet gurgling trills
In joy amid the Pentland Hills.

Yet ah! these tones, so full, so deep,
Rouse Mem'ry from her dreamy sleep;
We see the friends of other days,
Who with us trode these broomy braes;
With pensive air they seem to stray
Along the mountain's summit grey,
And, while remembrance glowing thrills,
In clouds they glide o'er Pentland Hills.

A PENTLAND REMINISCENCE.

Dear mountains, lured by sunny ray,
I daunder'd out the other day
  As far as Blackford Hill,
An' keekit ower wi' anxious ee,
To see gin ye ance mair were free
  O' Winter's icy chill;
But thickly wedged in ilka howe
  I saw the glist'ning snaw,
An' a' the ringlets o' your pow
  Were pouther'd crisp and braw.
Chill'd by the sicht, I turn'd me roun',
  And sought my couthie hame,
Resolved to keep the cozie toun
  Till Spring flowers bursting came.

Aye wae frae kind auld freens to part,
I saunter'd hame wi' heavy heart,
  An' mused sae deep an' lang,
That visions o' my early days,
Amang dear Pentland's heathy braes,
  Cam ower me crowdin' thrang.

I mindit o' ae sunny day,
To mem'ry ever dear,
When twa toun bairns took truant's play.
An' to the hills drew near;
An' as through bonny Morningside
Their wee feet patter'd on,
Each graipt his pouch wi' manly pride.
An' bought a bawbee scone.

Then on we strode out ower the plain,
Resolved the highest hill to gain
The straight and shortest way;
An' when we cam the mountains nigh,
They didna look sae vera high,
So straught we took the brae.
But as we clamb frae knowe to knowe,
A new hill aye up glintit,
An' aye when we had scaled its brow,
Another rose ahint it,
An' aye we took a wee bit rest,
An' aye we clamb the higher,
Until we reached Carnethy's crest,
Wi' cheeks like lowin' fire.

In silent rapture low we knelt;
Wi' heavenly beauty awed, we felt

That hill was holy ground;
We doff'd our caps, our sunny hair
Waved wildly in the mountain air,
We gazed in wonder round,
For hill and valley, lake and sea,
Lay stretch'd far out before us,
An' in the lift, so vast an' hie,
Bright glory floated o'er us.
That heavenly scene, that hallow'd hour
Shall be forgotten never,
That bound my soul wi' magic power
To Pentland Hills for ever.

Syne doun we lay on that hill-tap,
We hadna power to move ae stap
Frae sic a scene away.
High in the lift the lav'rock sang,
While we lay stretch'd the bent alang,
An' listen'd till his lay.
And there, on that lone mountain top,
When but a duddy callant,
That lark inspired a kindred hope,
I yet might weave a ballant.
And as if sent to stay the thought,
A milk-white bleating lamb
Peer'd in my face, as gin it sought
To meet its wander'd dam.

Sae meek it lookit in my face,
Syne ran awa wi' friskin' pace,
  Down by a trottin' burn:
Twa hungry callants left alane,
What could we do but follow fain,
  We kenn'd na how to turn;
At length we reach'd a shepherd's cot,
  Low rising on the brae,
An' frae the lammie's mistress got
  A feast o' cakes and whey.
She guess'd that we were truant louns,
  And sair she flate an' bann'd,
An' tauld us that we rogues frae touns
  Corrupted a' the land.

But while the wifie flate an' gloom'd,
The tither cake, wi' butter thoom'd,
  She forced us still to eat,
Till our wee kites were straughtet fou,
When, wi' our hearties at our mou',
  We felt maist like to greet.
Then, stalkin' furth, the sturdy dame
  Show'd us our hameward gait,
And tauld us baith to hasten hame,
  Or we would be ower late.
Her pet lamb patter'd by her side,
  She saw us ower the brae—

"There, rin ye roggies hame," she cried.
"Your absence causes wae."

Kind, generous dame; in manhood's day,
When struggling hard to gain the way
To knowledge and to truth,
'Mid mazes lost, o'er oceans driven,
One light resplendent shone from heaven.
That vision of my youth,
And led me on o'er stormy sea,
On wild and trackless road,
Until I found my way to Thee,
Great Nature's only God.
Led by the Lamb, each trusting soul
Shall find a home at last;
And, freed from Error's dark control,
Shall smile at dangers past.

THE WEE RAGGIT LADDIE TO THE LAIRD OF BLACKFORD HILL.

Stout Laird o' Blackford Hill, let me
But gain your honour's lug a wee,
I fain wad let your lairdship see
Sufficient cause
To mak your hill to a' as free
As ance it was.

Weel mind I o' the joyous days
I gathered hips, an' haws, an' slaes,
Climbing ower Blackford's heathy braes
Birds' nests to herry,
Or smearing face, an' hands, an' claes,
Wi' bramble berry.

Or stealing forth, a truant bairn,
Amang Braid's shady woods to dern,
Pu'ing the bell and lady fern
That fringed the burn;
What holy lessons did I learn
At ilka turn!

Frae Blackford's summit wad I gaze
Ower hills an' valleys, glens an' braes,
The sun in ae unbroken blaze
Lichtin' the Forth,
And crowning Edin wi' bricht rays,
Queen o' the North.

Those beauteous scenes are ne'er forgot,
They licht with joy life's chequer'd lot,
And Braid's sweet burnie, glen, an' grot,
And Blackford brae,
Are bless'd by mony a wandering Scot
Far, far away.

Then shall a laird whase kindly heart
Has ever ta'en the puir man's part,
Be reckon'd like some mean upstart,
O' saulless stature,
Wha sells, as at an auction mart,
The face o' nature?

Though bairns may pu', when yap or drouthy,
A neep or bean, to taste their mouthy,
Losh, man! their hames are no sae couthy
As your bien Ha';
Though puir folks' bairns are unco toothie,
Their feeding 's sma'.

An' a' the neeps, an' a' the beans,
The hips, the haws, the slaes, the geens,
That e'er were pu'ed by hungry weans,
Could ne'er be missed
By lairds like you, wi' ample means
In bank and kist.

Then listen to my earnest prayer,
An' open Blackford Hill ance mair;
Let us a' pree the caller air
That sweeps its braes,
An' mak it worth the poet's care
To sing your praise.

THE GABERLUNZIE TO THE WEE RAGGIT LADDIE.

Come, callant, come, the auld blue goun
Ance mair will lead ye frae the toun,
Through valleys green, ower muirlands broun,
Through heath and heather,
Whaur birds and burnies sweetly croon
Their sangs thegither.

For still the Pentland Hills are free,
E'en to sic chields as you and me;
Time hasna dimmed my goshawk ee,
Nor weak'd my hand,
Nor made me aught less fond to see
My ain dear land.

Then while the city's wrapt in sleep,
We'll lichtly press the heath-clad steep.
And as our eyes in rapture sweep
Ower sea and sky,
Our breasts shall swell, our hearts shall leap.
Warm, bounding high.

These distant Fifan hills behold,
Their summits rayed in burning gold,
While floating o'er the western wold
In robes of grey,
Night's clouds and shadows, wan an' cold.
Fleet far away.

Noo dark Dunedin looms in sicht,
Each spire and turret glancin' bricht,
And towerin' pile, and rocky hicht,
And Castle grey,
Are baskin' in the joyous licht
O' infant day.

And noo the morning's rare perfume
Is freshen'd by the heath and broom,
While every thistle waves its plume
In patriot pride,
And whins adorn wi' gowden bloom
The hale hill-side.

Bonaly's flowery braes appear,
The burnie's music charms the ear,
And while we pree its waters clear,
Or tread its valley,
Nae rude expulsion need we fear
Frae sweet Bonaly.

Bonaly's laird is dear to a',
His yett stands open to the wa',
An' oh! he's pleased to get a ca'
Frae rich or poor;
Nae hungry bairnie wins awa'
Frae Cockburn's door.

Then, high and low, your voices raise,
And sound aloud Bonaly's praise,
Wha, while he lo'es his heather braes
An' brattlin' rills,
Invites the warld to come an' gaze
Frae Pentland Hills.

BONNIE BONALY.

Bonnie Bonaly's wee fairy-led stream
Murmurs and sobs like a child in a dream;
Falling where silver light gleams on its breast,
Gliding through nooks where the dark shadows rest,
Flooding with music its own tiny valley,
Dances in gladness the stream o' Bonaly.

Proudly Bonaly's grey-browed Castle towers,
Bounded by mountains, and bedded in flowers;
Here hangs the blue bell, and there waves the broom;
Nurtured by art, rarest garden sweets bloom.
Heather and thyme scent the breezes that dally,
Playing amang the green knolls o' Bonaly.

Pentland's high hills raise their heather-crowned crest,
Peerless Edina expands her white breast,
Beauty and grandeur are blent in the scene,
Bonnie Bonaly lies smiling between.
Nature and art, like fair twins, wander gaily;
Friendship and Love dwell in bonnie Bonaly.

BONALY'S LAMENT FOR LORD COCKBURN.

Ye mountain streams that wimple free
Frae Pentland's heights to Forth's broad sea.
Ower heathy brae, by fernie lea,
Through glen or valley,
Come shed your kindred tears wi' me,—
Lone, lorn Bonaly!

Ye clouds encircling Pentland high,
Whether in orient robes ye fly,
Or in grey wreaths o' vapour lie,
Enshrouding a',
Dissolve in tears, and frae the sky,
In torrents fa'.

Ye winds that Pentland's summits sweep,
Now howling fierce round skelter'd steep,
Now wailing through the valleys deep,
In tones of woe,
O lull my weary soul asleep,
Wi' murmurs low;

Ye birdies, churmin' canty lays,
Ye lammies, bleatin' ower the braes,
Ye bairnies, wand'rin', gatherin' slaes
By my wee burn,
Weel may ye stand in dumb amaze,
Weel may ye mourn.

Nae ferlie gin ye mak your mane
For your dear lord and lover gane ;
Nae ferlie gin I sing a strain
O' dolefu' sadness,
For him wha filled my hail domain
Wi' joyous gladness.

Nae mair that voice, whase tones sae clear,
Like heaven's ain music charmed the ear,
Shall offer genial welcomes here
To low and hie ;
For Nature's worshippers were dear
To him and me.

Now closed that ee whase glances bricht
Shed kindness like the morning licht ;
And powerless now that arm of micht,
Oppression's foe,
That, bared for freedom, truth, and richt,
Laid tyrants low.

Ah! weel I mind his laddie days,
When Brougham an' he first clamb my braes,
And poet Graham* sang Sabbath lays
In my wee glen;
How high and pure their young thoughts raise;
How far their ken.

And when the bairns rose round his knee,
Oh! what a hame o' harmless glee
My banks and braes were wont to be;
Even Eden's sel'
Could scarce compare in joy wi' me
Ere Adam fell.

The Spring may clothe my leafy bowers,
The Summer deck my banks wi' flowers,
But sorrow wraps my grey-brow'd towers
In mournfu' weed,
Death's shadow ower me darkly lowers—
My lover 's dead!

* Bonaly was a favourite resort of Graham, the author of "The Sabbath," with whom Cockburn, Brougham, and others were wont to visit it in boyhood.

"SWEET MAUD O' WOODHOUSELEE."

Whaur gowden whin adorns the hill,
An' hawthorn blossoms scent the vale,
Whaur, by the gurglin' mountain rill,
Grow bell sae blue an' primrose pale;
Yestreen I wandered a' my lane,
Doun by Glencorse and Woodhouselee,
And I'll be there this night again,
Glencorse's Shepherd Queen to see.
O blythe, blythe, an' merry is she,
Licht o' heart an' bricht o' ee;
But, Sandy, lad, ye've tint sweet Maud,
She's plichted heart an' hand to me.

I met her on a sunny knowe,
Her face shone like the glowing west,
And by her side a fleecy ewe,
Wi' twa pet lammies at its breast.
I kenn'd that ye were far awa,
An' modestly I raised my ee,
Syne on my pipe began to blaw,
And sune she lent her ear to me.
Blythe, &c.

I hinted o' your auld grey pow,
And sang your sang; "Te hee!" quo' she
"He tells na how, outower the knowe,
I laid him backflaught on the lea;
Nor how his braw brown wig flew aff,
Nor how I stood wi' head ajee,
Till my auld faither, wi' a laugh,
Cried, 'Come nae mair to Woodhouselee.'"
Blythe, &c.

Sae send nae mair sic lays o' luve,
In hope a Pentland lass to gain,
But daunder down to Kelvin Grove,
There's routh o' lassies fair an' fain.
And gin again ye'll venture east,
The caller mountain air to pree,
We'll hae ye at our weddin' feast;
Ye'll aiblins stand best man to me.
Blythe, &c.

THE SUNNY KNOWEHEAD.

Yon sunny knowehead, clad wi' bonnie wild flowers,
Alas! fills my een now wi' sad streaming showers,
Since my heart's fair floweret is withered an' dead,
That graced wi' its beauty yon sunny knowehead.

At turn o' the loanin', deep shaded in green,
At fa' o' the gloamin' how gleg grew my een;
An' oh! wi' what rapture I quickened my speed,
When blest wi' a glance o' that sunny knowehead.

The e'enin' sun gleamed through the gowd freckled trees,
The breeze kiss'd the flowers, and the flowers balm'd the breeze,
While glidin' alang wi' a saft noiseless tread,
To kiss my sweet flower on yon sunny knowehead.

The cauld winter cam, an' the knowehead grew bare,
My flower was the first that my fond ee missed there;
Now simmer will life gie to flowerets ance dead,
But nae mair my heart-flower shall gem yon knowehead.

THE EMIGRANT HIGHLANDER'S FAREWELL.

Farewell, glens and flowing rivers,
Dark brown moors and mountains blue.
Heath-clad cots and broomy valleys,
Scenes of youth and love, adieu!
Doomed to wander, doomed to sorrow,
All I love I leave with you.

O'er the grave that wraps my father
Oft I've shed the silent tear,
But the parting wi' my mother,
My lorn heart can never bear.
Oh! our home was pure and holy,
Oh! our love was all sincere.

Gazing on the humble shieling,
List'ning to the gurgling rill,
Watching every cloudy shadow
Fleeting o'er the silent hill;
Oh! how blest were I for ever
Thus to linger dreaming still.

Round Benvoirlich's summit hoary
  Wailing voices sadly swell,
While the soft wind o'er the waters
  Faintly murmurs, Fare-thee-well!
Oh! my path, how dark and lonely,
  Oh! my anguish, who can tell!

SAFT IS THE BLINK O' THINE EE, LASSIE

Oh, saft is the blink o' thine ee, lassie,
Saft is the blink o' thine ee;
An' a bonny wee sun glimmers in its blue orb
As kindly it glints upon me.

The ringlets that twine round thy brow, lassie,
Are gowden as gowden may be;
Like the wee curly cluds that play round the sun
When he's just gaun to drap in the sea.

Thou hast a bonny wee mou', lassie,
As sweet as a body may pree;
An' fondly I'll pree that wee hinny mou',
E'en tho' thou shouldst frown upon me.

Thou hast a lily white hand, lassie,
As fair as a body may see;

An' saft is the touch o' that wee genty hand,
At eve when thou partest wi' me.

Thy thoughts are sae haly and pure, lassie,
Thy heart is sae kind an' sae free;
My bosom is flooded wi' sunshine an' joy,
Wi' ilka blythe blink o' thine ee.

OH, WHAT IS THIS THAT RACKS MY BREAST?

Oh, what is this that racks my breast,
And fleys my peace o' mind awa',
An' maks me tyne my nightly rest,
An' weary for the mornin' daw?
I daunder doun the dowie glen,
I linger on the lanely lee,
An' in some dark an' eerie den
I fain wad lay me doun to dee.

I heave nae sigh, I mak nae mane,
I let nae tear bedim my ee,
But mix wi' follies light an' vain,
To wyle awa' my misery.
Few ken the hearts they meet wi' here,
Few trow there's grief they canna see,
An' e'en the maid I lo'e sae dear,
Shall never guess the dool I dree.

'Tis hopeless love an' sad despair,
  Cast by the glamour o' thine ee,
That cluds my waukrife dreams wi' care,
  And maks the daylight dark to me.
I canna hope nor ask for mair
  Than ae wee pearly tear frae thee;
An' gin thy een hae ane to spare,
  In pity let it fa' for me.

MUCKLE-MOU'D MEG.

"Oh, wha hae ye brought us hame now, my brave lord.
Strappit haught ower his braid saddle-bow?
Some bauld Border reiver to feast at our board.
An' herry our pantry, I trow.
He's buirdly an' stalwart in lith an' in limb:
Gin ye were his master in war
The field was a saft eneugh litter for him,
Ye needna hae brought him sae far.
Then saddle an' munt again, harness an' dunt again.
An' when ye gae hunt again, strike higher game."

"Hoot, whisht ye, my dame, for he comes o' gude kin.
An' boasts o' a lang pedigree;
This night he maun share o' our gude cheer within.
At morning's grey dawn he maun dee.
He 's gallant Wat Scott, heir o' proud Harden Ha',
Wha ettled our lands clear to sweep;
But now he is snug in auld Elibank's paw,
An' shall swing frae our donjon-keep.

Tho' saddle and munt again, harness an' dunt again,
I'll ne'er when I hunt again strike higher game."

"Is this young Wat Scott? an' wad ye rax his craig,
When our daughter is fey for a man?
Gae, gaur the loun marry our muckle-mou'd Meg,
Or we'll ne'er get the jaud aff our han'!"
"Od! hear our gudewife, she wad fain save your life;
Wat Scott, will ye marry or hang?"
But Meg's muckle mou set young Wat's heart agrue,
Wha swore to the woodie he'd gang.
Ne'er saddle nor munt again, harness nor dunt again,
Wat ne'er shall hunt again, ne'er see his hame.

Syne muckle-mou'd Meg press'd in close to his side,
An' blinkit fu' sleely and kind,
But aye as Wat glower'd at his braw proffer'd bride,
He shook like a leaf in the wind.
"A bride or a gallows, a rope or a wife!"
The morning dawned sunny and clear—
Wat boldly strode forward to part wi' his life,
Till he saw Meggy shedding a tear;
Then saddle an' munt again, harness an' dunt again,
Fain wad Wat hunt again, fain wad be hame.

Meg's tear touched his bosom, the gibbet frowned high,
An' slowly Wat strode to his doom;

He gae a glance round wi' a tear in his eye,
Meg shone like a star through the gloom.
She rush'd to his arms, they were wed on the spot,
An' lo'ed ither muckle and lang;
Nae bauld border laird had a wife like Wat Scott;
'Twas better to marry than hang.
So saddle an' munt again, harness an' dunt again,
Elibank hunt again, Wat's snug at hame.

HE RIDES SICKER WHA NEVER FA'S.

Gae buckle your belt in your ain gude gate,
Gae draw your sword in your ain just cause;
But sit ye steeve in your saddle seat,
For he rides sicker wha never fa's.
Gae gird ye in armour gleamin' bricht,
And see that your harness be free frae flaws;
Ye may shaw your skill as a daurin' knicht,
But he rides sicker wha never fa's.

Then ride ye furth to the battle plain,
An' seek for fame whaur the trumpet blaws;
Ye may prove to yersell that match ye've nane:
But he rides sicker wha never fa's.
But gin ye're unhorsed by a stronger loon,
An' 'mang your girthing lie heads an' thraws,
Ye'll aiblins think o' the auld warld croon,
That he rides sicker wha never fa's.

THE MAIR THAT YE GIE, AYE THE MAIR WILL YE GET.

Gae nourish the feeble, gae shelter the sma',
Gae succour your freend when his back 's at the wa'.
A gift gi'en in kindness aye brings blessings wi't.
The mair that ye gie, aye the mair will ye get.

The farmer wha'd see his fields loaded wi' grain,
His hand in the sawing time maunna restrain ;
Poor starved nither'd land never gae muckle yet
The mair that ye gie, aye the mair will ye get.

The stream feeds the forest that shades its clear brow,
The forest woos rain cluds that flood the stream fu',
The rain cluds that fa' are wi' balmy dews met ;
The mair that ye gie, aye the mair will ye get.

The rich canna use a' that's fa'en to their share,
The poorest, gin willing, hae something to spare ;
Then share what ye hae, though an unca wee bit ;
The mair that ye gie, aye the mair will ye get.

THE MAIR THAT YE WORK, AYE THE MAIR WILL YE WIN.

Be eident, be eident, fleet time rushes on;
Be eident, be eident, bricht day will be gone:
To stand idle by is a profitless sin,
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

The earth gathers fragrance while nursing the flower,
The wave waxes stronger while feeding the shower,
The stream gains in speed, as it sweeps o'er the lin;
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

There's nought got by idling, there's nought got for nought,
Health, wealth, and contentment by labour are bought;
In raising yoursel', ye may help up your kin;
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

Let every man aim in his art to excel,
Let every man ettle to fend for himsel',
Aye nourish ye stern independence within;
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

LET ILKA MAN SIT ON HIS AIN POCK NEUK.

Let ilka man sit on his ain pock neuk,
  Let ilka laird glour frae his ain door stane,
Let ilk misty scribbler read his ain beuk,
  They'll save themsels trouble, an' ithers pain.

Let ilka man redd, wha seeks for a quarrel,
  Let ilk pay his lawin', an' count his gain:
Let a'body laugh, an' naebody snarl,
  They'll save themsels trouble, an' ithers pain.

Let ilka lad wed the lass he lo'es best,
  Let ilka lass follow her heart when fain,
Let ilk try himsel' by his neebour's test,
  They'll save themsels trouble, an' ithers pain.

An' aye, till the warld be better divided,
  Let ilk ane depend on himsel' alane,
Wi' a' that he wants he'll soon be provided,
  An' save himsel' trouble, an' ithers pain.

YE'RE OWER BONNIE.

Oh, will thae pawky een o' thine
Never tire o' killin'?
Gudesake! mind this heart o' mine
Canna aye be thrillin'.
Although ane's heart might thole ae wound,
An' time might close the hole in't,
Ilk piercing glance sae gaurs it stound,
That there's nae langer tholin't.
Ye're ower bonnie, ye're ower bonnie,
Sae steek that witchin' ee,
Its light flees gleamin' through my brain,
An' dings me a' ajee.

A hunder times ye've dang me daft
Wi' your light-hearted daffin',
Aye echoin' back my words sae saft,
Wi' noisy merry laughin'.

Yet ye're sae sweet, ye maun be kind;
I vow I'll leave thee never;
Shine like the sun, I'll gaze till blind,
Adorin' thee for ever.
Ye're ower bonnie, ye're ower bonnie.
Yet oh that witchin' ee,
Whase light flees gleamin' thro' my brain,
Is love an' life to me!

LEEZIE LEE.

Jockie is decked in his braw ruffled sark,
Wi' siller buckles at ilka knee;
He skips like a bird ower the lang grass park,
To shaw his braws aff to Leezie Lee.
An' pawky is he, an' pawky is she,
An' wow but they baith are ower lang free;
For diamond gaurs diamond in flinders flee;
Jockie is gleg, sae is Leezie Lee.

He was a warlock, an' she was a witch,
Glamour meets glamour, an' nane can see;
She took him for braw, he took her for rich;
Fowls o' a feather thegither flee.
Jockie's a bridegroom, and Leezie a bride,
Weel may they sowther, an' weel may they gree;
But Jockie has nought to keep up his pride,
An' no ae boddle has Leezie Lee.

Why should ye cozen the lassie ye like?
Why wad ye feign what ye ne'er can be?
Gin ye canna help her out ower the dike,
Ye better wait till the yett 's ajee.
Ye far better loot down and pu' the gowan,
Than seek for fruit frae a sapless tree:
Better no climb than come doun the hill rowin',
Wi' a stane round your neck like Leezie Lee.

JAMIE AND PHEMIE.

Auld Johnnie comes ower and he cracks wi' my mither,
The auld warld carle is pawky an' slee;
Lang Sandy gangs out an' gets fu' wi' my brither,
And bribes the poor coof to be blackfoot to me.
But my manly Jamie, wi' forehead sae hie,
Has a lowe in his cheek, an' a star in his ee;
I wotna gin Jamie e'er cracks o' puir Phemie,
But weel do I wot a' his thoughts are wi' me.

I wotna how worth is sae bashfu' and backward,
I wotna how fools are sae forward an' free,
I wotna how Jamie's sae blate and sae awkward,
I wotna what gaurs my heart wander ajee;
But ah! there's a flame that the world canna see,
In the slee keekin' glance o' a love-lichted ee;
An' Jamie's aye keekin', while others are speakin',
An' I wad keek too, but he's keekin' on me.

THE MILLER OF DEANHAUGH.

Oh, ken ye the auld mill o' bonny Deanhaugh,
Whaur the wheel tears in tatters the wud waterfa'?
Ye maunna rin by it, but pap in an' ca',
For blythe is the miller o' bonny Deanhaugh.

He maun hae his mouter, he maun hae his maut,
He taks muckle gowpins, but wha can find faut?
What he skims aff the fou dish, the puir get awa',
Lang life to the miller o' bonny Deanhaugh!

His hand is aye open to help poortith's woes,
Puir folk may want brogues, but they never want brose;
And gin stern oppression ower worth shakes his paw,
He's fell'd by the miller o' bonny Deanhaugh.

It's gude to be muckle, its gude to be kind,
It's gude when a weak chield can boast a stout mind;
Gin strength succoured weakness, how blythe were we a';
Heaven bless the stout Miller o' bonny Deanhaugh!

THE GABERLUNZIE.

Oh, blythe be the auld Gaberlunzie man,
Wi' his wallet o' wit he fills a' the lan';
Wi' his blinks o' fun, and his blauds o' lear,
O' a'thing that's gude he has walth to spare:
He's a warm Scotch heart, and a braid Scotch tongue,
He has a' the auld sangs that ever were sung;
His daffin' and quaffin', his glory and glee,
Licht up the auld spunk o' the North Countrie.

His face, bricht wi' joy as the full harvest moon,
Has braid lines o' grandeur he canna keep doun;
When his ae ee is muckle his ither is wee,
Baith set in his face like a balance ajee;
Keekin' up, keekin' down, keekin' back, keekin' fore,
Wi' darts that through quarries o' whinstane might bore,
While his wide massy brow is sae towerin' an' hie,
Oh! bauld is the Cock o' the North Countrie.

He ne'er wants a friend, for he ne'er maks a fae,
He's first to help poortith, and first to soothe wae;
While his bearing 's sae buirdly, his looks are sae gay,
Ye wad think that thro' life he had laugh'd a' the way:
He seeks nae for flaws, an' few fauts does he find,
For he aye wad think weel o' the hail o' mankind;
An' he's a'bodie's bodie, baith muckle an' wee,
The couthie Auld Cock o' the North Countrie.

For the blythe he 's a smile, for the sad he 's a tear,
Nae ferlie we a' haud his blessin' sae dear:
For his hale manly heart 's beited up wi' a lowe,
That rays like a glory around his white pow,
And glimmers like sunlicht upon the white snaw;
He's the boast an' the joy an' the pride o' us a':
Gae search a' the warld an' ye's get a proud fee,
Gin ye match the Auld Cock o' the North Countrie.

APPLE BLOSSOM.

Apple blossom! apple blossom! how beautiful ye be!
Thus nodding, winking, glist'ning, blooming on your parent tree;
Your infant offspring nestling in your bosom silver white,
Your crimson blushes telling of a mother's hopes so bright.
Apple blossom! apple blossom! how beautiful ye be!

Apple blossom! apple blossom! that cold ungenial gale
Hath chill'd you with his freezing breath, and smote you with his hail;
And all your fairy leaflets, with the fruit-buds in their core,
Are scatter'd, sear'd, and blighted, 'mid the tempest's sullen roar.
Apple blossom! apple blossom! how desolate ye be!

Apple blossom! apple blossom! how like ye were to me,
When with my babe I blooming hung upon love's stately tree;
Till death laid low that noble tree, and from me rudely tore
The infant I had nestled in my bosom's inmost core.
Apple blossom! apple blossom! how desolate are we!

THE WEE, WEE FLOWER.

The wee, wee flower, the wee, wee flower,
Shrinks frae the droukin' midnight shower.
But opes its leaves in sunny hour,
Slee type o' life, the wee, wee flower.

The wee, wee flower begins to blaw
When early draps o' spring-dews fa';
But snell Aprile aft gaurs it cower,
And nips in bud the wee, wee flower.

When elfin fairies trip the green,
Wi' dew-blobs glintin' in their een,
They lay them doun a' happit ower.
An' nestle in the wee, wee flower.

The wee flower decks nae garden gay,
But blooms in slee neuks far away;
It canna thole ae wanton glower,
Sae bashfu' is the wee, wee flower.

'Neath trees the wee flower rears its stem,
An' keps the draps that fa' frae them;
Yet a' it taks ne'er stints their power,
It lives on love, the wee, wee flower.

But, nither'd by the norlan' breeze,
The wee, wee flower aft dwines an' dees,
As Passion plucks frae Nature's bower,
And leaves to dee, the wee, wee flower.

ARNISTON.

O Arniston! sweet Arniston!
Dear, dear art thou to me;
For wandering 'mang thy leafy woods,
My wife and bairnies three
Hae gather'd rose-bloom on their cheeks.
Now dimpled high wi' glee,
That lately sad and dowie dwined,
In death's dark hame wi' me.

O Arniston! fair Arniston!
By burn and flowery brae,
By upland lawn and craggy glens,
How sweet at eve to stray!
While round us a' our blooming pets
Their joyous pranks resume,
An' romp like fays amang thy braes,
Thick strown wi' gowden broom.

O Arniston! dear Arniston!
My first, my greatest grief,
'Mid thy lone woods, in tears of joy,
Felt genial kind relief.
The cushat lo'es thy forest glades,
The lark thy verdant lea;
But by dim memory's grateful ties
Thou'rt knit to mine and me.

THE FLOWER OF BANCHORY.

Young Spring, with opening flowers,
  Was bright'ning vale and lea;
While Love, 'mid budding bowers,
  Woke sweet melody:
When by Dee's noble river
  I strayed in happy glee,
And left my heart for ever
  In fair Banchory.
    O Banchory! fair Banchory!
    How dear that happy day to me,
    I wandered by the banks o' Dee,
    And won the flower o' Banchory

How was 't that I, a rover,
  So reckless and so free,
Became a constant lover
  By flowing Dee?
Because, like Spring, my charmer,
  When fondly, kindly press'd,
Became like Summer, warmer,
  And love's power confess'd.
    O Banchory! &c.

The streamlet onward flowing,
Still gathers as it flows;
The breast with true love glowing,
Still warmer glows.
And my fond heart grows fonder,
More firm my constancy,
For dearer still and kinder
Is my love to me.

O Banchory! fair Banchory!
How dear that happy day to me,
I wandered by the banks o' Dee,
And won the flower o' Banchory!

THE MIDGE'S DANCE.

The midges rise in columns tall
Above my ancient garden wall,
And as they whirl in merry flight,
Their flickering wings reflect the light
Of sunset, till in hood of grey
The gloaming veils the face of day.

Ha! merry child, the dancers now
Are wheeling round thy sunny brow,
For thou'rt a fay so fair and bright,
They take thee for a star of light;
And 'mid the gloaming louring dun.
They hail thee as thou wert a sun.

And as thou boundest in thy glee,
The merry insects bound with thee;
Now leaping here, now frisking there.
They flutter o'er thee high in air,
Till, with the latest gleam of light,
They sink amid the gloom of night.

Ah! life and day are bright and clear,
And death and night are murk and drear,
And all created beings have
A dread of darkness and the grave,
While insect, man, and angel share
In love for all that's bright and fair.

Have soul to feel, have eye to see
The glories of the Deity;
Let hope and faith with joy unite,
And hail this love of life and light,
As proof o'er all, through all abroad,
That life is light, and light is God.

GLOAMING.

Receding day ebbs fast away,
Dark roll the waves of gloaming grey.
Save where afar yon golden light
Of sunset gleams with radiance bright.
And opens in the western sky
A vista to eternity.

The sun hath set, the gloaming 's past,
The night-clouds gather thick and fast;
And space and form alike have fled,
And all, save busy thought, is dead.
When lo! amid the eastern sky,
The gentle moon ascends on high.

Light lingers 'mid the mirkest gloom,
Life is not buried in the tomb;
Though Night relieve the weary Day,
The Sun and Moon shall ne'er decay,
Though earth the body's grave must be,
In Heaven is mind's eternity.

MORNING.

One morn among the graves I strayed
To look upon a stone,
That told me where a friend was laid,
Whose death had left me lone.

The morning mists obscured the sky,
The graves were veil'd in grey;
The trees gave forth a wailing sigh,
As mourning their decay.

Sad thoughts of dark oblivion's stream
Depress'd my drooping soul,
I said, "Is future life a dream?
Is Death our parting goal?"

Alas! and is that noble form,
That soul so pure and bright—
The one now gone to feed the worm,
The other quench'd in night?

When lo! upon the polish'd stone,
Which bore that much-loved name,
The sun burst through the mist, and shone
With bright celestial flame.

I gazed around, on no spot by
That light had deign'd to shine,
I felt it was his vivid eye
To me from realms divine.

Since then, no doubts have cross'd my brain,
My faith is firm and sure,
That I shall meet my friend again,
Where friendship shall endure.

ONWARD.

Downward, upward, and onward,
Travels the clear-souled man,
From lowest depths of ocean
To Heaven's highest span:
From chaos to order, from atom to sphere,
How noble his aiming, how high his career!

Truth's day-star rises o'er him,
And shines with genial ray,
While shrinking low before him
Dark error steals away;
Still purer his vision the higher his flight,
Beyond misty cloudlands are regions of light.

How dazzling streams of lightning
That flash amid night's gloom;
How sweet spring's opening flowers
When flush'd with infant bloom!
But light amid darkness, or flowers amid snow,
Are not half so bright as the first truths we know.

Downward, upward, and onward,
  Travels the mighty soul,
Rushing fleeter than time flies,
  Passing life's gloomy goal;
Clearer and clearer, and higher and higher,
Death cannot quench that pure spirit of fire.

TIME'S CHANGES.

Oh, days lang forgotten, why rise ye again,
When all your remembrance brings sorrow and pain?
When she wha's fair picture was 'graved in your heart,
Appears shrunk an' faded, nae ferlie ye start.

When he wha has taught ye, a bairn at the school,
Wha's wise pow aye made ye a poor donner't fool,
Comes seekin' your aid, wi' his head hingin' low,
Oh, sair is the shock, ay, an' hard is the blow.

The white-headed elder, whom lang syne ye mind,
Was aye to your puir widowed mother sae kind,
When stricken wi' poortith, an' laden wi' years,
Ye help him, ye bless him, ye gie him your tears.

The wee cockin' bailie ye liket sae weel,
Wha aye was sae mensefu' wi' maut an' wi' meal,
When fastin' has come, and when feastin's awa,
Ye mourn for his fate, an' ye feel for his fa'.

Yon mansion sae hoary, ye mind a laird's ha',
Now lane an' deserted, is crumbling awa' :
Ye think on the days the auld biggin' has seen,
An' thoughts o' the past bring the tears to your een.

Thus Time shows us a' what maun soon come to pass,
We're backward to keek in his truth-telling glass ;
New buds may sprout out frae the auld hoary tree,
But e'en the young buds soon maun wither an' dee.

Yet, though your frail body maun mingle wi' clay,
Sweet virtue bears flowers that can never decay ;
An' oh ! gin ye've grafted ae bud on her tree,
You'll see your ain flower blooming brightly on hie.

A DISCUSSION.

"Your wealth 's in your purse, and my wealth 's in my hame,
In twa bonny bairns, an' a wee comely dame:
Your gowd and your siller may tak wings an flee,—
My wife an' my weanies will cling aye to me."

"A wife an' twa weanies are gey costly gear,
When siller is scarce, and when markets are dear;
A bag o' red gowd, under good lock an' key—
Oh, that is the wealth that fin's favour wi' me."

"Our table o' dainties is whiles unco scant,
Yet gude hamilt mercies, thank God, we ne'er want;
We're no ill to haud here, and when we're set free,
My wife and my weans will gang heavenward wi' me."

"Troth, Johnnie, ye're right!—There's my heart an' my hand.
There's half o' my treasure, and half o' my land;
They canna gang wi' me when I come to dee,
Sae, Johnnie, look out a bit wifie for me."

A COTTAGE HYMN.

Covered by dewy leaves,
Fond hearts are sleeping;
Couched under cottage eaves,
Lone eyes are weeping;
Take every breast that heaves,
Lord, in thy keeping.

Let no vain strife or war
Ever divide us;
Send forth thy truth afar,
Dwell still beside us;
Let thy love-lighted star
Lead us and guide us.

So shall all Nature fall
Prostrate before thee,
And all thy children shall
Love and adore thee,
Father and Lord of all,
Sovereign of Glory.

THE ORPHAN'S HYMN.

Lord of all life and light,
God of all grace,
Gladden the orphan's sight,
Shew him thy face.

Father and mother here,
Lord, he hath none;
Sister and brother dear,
All dead and gone.

Sinking in loneliness,
Shrinking in fear,
Wilt thou the orphan bless,
Wilt thou him cheer?

Take thou his helpless part,
Be thou his stay,
So shall his grateful heart
Love thee for aye.

Lord of all life and light,
God of all grace,
Gladden the orphan's sight,
Shew him thy face.

A CHANT FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Come, gentle folks, come, semple folks,
Of high and low degree,
And listen to our joyous song,
And view our merry glee:
For vice and want have fled away.
While virtue marches on,
And joyous are our grateful hearts,
That vice and want are gone.

By you our infant minds are taught,
Our infant hands are trained
To practise useful arts, by which
An honest living 's gained.
And oh, how sweet the coarsest fare,
By honest labour won!
And oh, how dear the humblest home
That we can call our own!

Your gen'rous efforts God will speed
To help us on our way;
From us our mothers learn to read,
Our fathers learn to pray.
And 'mid the dark and gloomy den
Of poverty's abode,
Each ragged child inspired becomes
A minister of God.

Then give us all your sympathies,
And lend us all your aid;
Be sure a present sacrifice
Shall amply be repaid.
By you the breach is closed between
The humble and the high,
And, warmed by love, the earth becomes
A transcript of the sky.

LAY UP TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

Why treasures hoard, that rust and rot,
  Or gold that thieves may steal?
Why are those priceless gems forgot
  That bear God's holy seal?
Strive ye to gain the Christian's share,
  And store in heaven your prize;
For if your dearest treasure 's there,
  There will your wishes rise.

On food and raiment wherefore spend
  Your life in careworn thought,
While food for an immortal mind
  Remains by you unsought?
Your Father feeds the fowls of air,
  Who neither reap nor sow;
The lilies spin not, yet how fair
  The gentle lilies grow!

And if God feed the sparrow small,
  And clothe the fading flower,

Will He not clothe and feed you all,
  Poor children of an hour?
For present wants then take no thought,
  But fix your hearts above;
And He, whose blood your souls hath bought,
  Shall give you life and love.

AN INFANT'S PRAYER.

Father of Mercy, God of Love!
I lift my eyes to thee;
Among thy blessed babes above,
Wilt thou place me?

Imploring blessings on my head,
My parents bend the knee,
While angels hover round my bed,
And watch o'er me.

O may my every wish and thought
Be filled with love to Thee,
Who with thy Son's dear blood hath bought
Poor babes like me!

Father of Mercy, God of Love,
Lord of all purity!
Among thy blessed saints above,
Wilt thou place me?

"DO NOT YOUR ALMS BEFORE MEN."

Of all the blessings mortals crave,
And graces that they pray for,
One gift, one grace, I seek to have,
And struggle night and day for.
Each woe I fain a help would lend,
Each wound I fain would heal it,
For oh! 'tis sweet to help a friend,
And sweeter to conceal it.

Go, peal the bell—the beadle comes
To dole the parish alms out,
With noisy pomp he haws and hums,
While paupers hold their palms out:
But genial kindness cannot bend
The pauper's bell to peal it,
She feels, though sweet to help a friend,
'Tis sweeter to conceal it.

The man who kindness feigns to deal,
Proclaiming what he's dealing,

But sears the wound he feigns to heal,
And blunts each grateful feeling;
While Crime apes Want, in ways that tend
The heart 'gainst woe to steel it,
Till few have will to help a friend,
And fewer to conceal it.

We all are friends, or ought to be,
We're all on Heaven depending,
Whose gifts are numberless and free,
Unseen, yet never ending;
And while on kindness we depend,
Ought we not all to feel it,
And strive for power to help a friend,
And aim aye to conceal it?

TRUTH AND KINDNESS.

The flower that yields nae fragrant scent,
  May bloom and please the ee;
The maid wha has nae feeling heart
  May fair and gentle be:
But fragrance maks the rose mair prized
  Than flowers o' brightest hue;
And, oh! how pure the maiden's blush
  Wha's heart is kind and true!

The dew that gems the budding rose,
  May nurse the deadly slae;
The heart that kindly beats for a',
  May feel the deeper wae:
But soon the rose repays the dew,
  Enriching a' the air;
And mercy is rewarded by
  The mourner's grateful prayer.

Without the dew the fragrant flower
  Could ne'er sic fragrance yield ;
And whaur wad sorrow shelter but
  Ahint sweet mercy's shield ?
Without the genial southern breeze,
  How bleak the southland lee ;
Without kind hearts and true ones,
  What a desert earth wad be !

TRUTH MUST PREVAIL.

'Mid storms and convulsions now rending the earth,
'Mid sparkling delusions now starting to birth,
'Mid brains wearing musty, and cheeks waning pale,
Take courage, true heart, for the truth must prevail!

From Europe to Asia, from Afric to Ind,
Delusions are wafted like chaff on the wind;
They gleam and they glitter like sun-lighted hail,
But chill while they gleam, for the truth must prevail!

With knowledge comes science, with science comes power,
And science rears truth, as the stem rears the flower;
When science and truth their bright wonders unveil,
All hearts must be conquered, and truth must prevail!

Proud error may boast of his triumph to-day,
And truth's day of conquest seem far, far away;
But swift as the snorting train fleets on the rail,
Truth's glory advances, and truth must prevail!

The truth may be libelled, the true man opprest,
The jail or the gibbet his honour may test;
But bright rays from heaven light gibbet or jail,
He knows and he feels that the truth must prevail.

Take courage, true heart, then, the victory 's thine,
The day is now dawning, the sun soon shall shine;
O'er sky and o'er ocean, o'er mountain and dale,
God's glory shall rise, and God's truth shall prevail!

AYE DO YOUR BEST.

The times are hard, an' fortune shy,
  Has lang been ilka grummler's story.
But work aye on, an' aim aye high,
  The harder work—the greater glory.
The honest mind, the sterling man,
  The chains o' poortith canna fetter,
So strive, and do the best ye can,
  And tak my word ye'll sune be better.

Although ye toil for little gear,
  Though whiles your labour may be slichted,
The darkest sky is sure to clear,
  An' virtue's wrangs will aye be richted.
Ne'er deem yoursel' an ill-used man,
  Nor ca' the world a heartless debtor,
But strive, and do the best ye can,
  An' tak my word ye'll sune be better.

O sweet is freedom's caller air,
  An' sweet is bread o' ane's ain winning!
To work an' win be aye your care,
  Great things hae aft a sma' beginning.
Let nought e'er ding ye frae your plan,
  Stick to your creed in ilka letter,
Aye strive and do the best ye can,
  An' tak my word ye'll sune be better.

THE PLEWLANDS.

What glorious landscape woos the raptured eye,
What heavenly music wakes the raptured ear,
What radiant clouds are floating in the sky,
What gorgeous colours hill and valley wear,
What craggy mountains, and what leafy woods,
What tiny streamlets, and what ocean floods!

Far in the east, the Bass and Berwick Law
Stand bluffly out against the pearly sky,
Their bosoms lashed with waves of silvered snaw,
Their summits lit with hues of orient dye,
Gleaming more brightly 'mid the hazy grey,
That sends the distance twice its length away.

High o'er the Crags the lion rears his mane,
Couchant—regardant Scotland's darling town;
While Braid and Blackford rise amid the plain,
With crests of gold and sides of purple brown;
And cattle browsing in the fields between,
Give life and rural beauty to the scene.

Through foliage green peep villa, grange, and spire,
The Napier's peel-tower frowning crowns the height,
While towering high, the patriot's soul to fire,
The hoary Castle looms upon the sight—
A monarch seated on a mountain throne,
Recounting doughty deeds of times long gone.

And while these ancient trees so gnarled and gruff,
Recall old times when castled keep was here,
On that tall elm with boughs so high and tough,
Is slung the swing to merry childhood dear;
See how they mount; come down, wild rogues, come down,
You'll ne'er again be fit to live in town.

And on that richly gowan'd grassy holme,
How quietly Hawky chews her flowery food,
While mare and foal through rich white clover roam,
And Grumphy, winking, feeds her squeaking brood;
But, quick away, guard heads, and hands, and arms,
The air grows dark, a noisy bee-hive swarms.

What swarms of happy creatures here are seen,
White-headed varlets group in clusters round,
Ducklings and goslings scamper o'er the green,
Young birds in every bush and brake are found,
And window eaves are thick with nests of clay,
By swallows built to keep ill luck away.

The cackling hens, the duckling's hearty quack,
The house cat's mew, the watch-dog's honest bark,
The pigeon's cooing, and the gosling's clack,
The blackbird's echo to the soaring lark,
The fleet-winged swallows twittering through the air,
All blend harmonious with a scene so fair.

The tidy garden filled with fruits and flowers,
With thriving plants and thrifty curly kale:
The laughter ringing through the leafy bowers,
Of joy and plenty, tell a pleasing tale:
And over all, around, beneath, above,
Creation teems with beauty, life, and love.

THE EMIGRANT'S ADDRESS TO AMERICA.

All hail! immortal Freedom's home!
Land of the brave and free!
Far o'er the vast Atlantic foam,
I come, I come to thee.
To thee, where Truth's defenders waved
Their star-lit flag of yore;
To thee, whose sons Oppression braved,
And swept her from thy shore.

Thy rivers roll in ocean floods,
Thy mountains cleave the sky,
While thy untrodden solitudes
In dreamy silence lie.
But gentle peace, and giant mind,
Together journeying on,
Amid these wilds their home shall find,
And raise their mutual throne.

Then onward in thy proud career,
But, oh! be just, as strong,

And from thy blood-striped banner tear
The badge of manhood's wrong :
Then Washington's all-sainted shade
Shall bend from yon bright sky,
To deck, with flowers that ne'er can fade,
The brow of Liberty.

SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

The heart that is sinking in sorrow
May mourn, but need never despair;
The night may be dark, but to-morrow
The sky may be smiling and fair.
As golden day follows grey morning,
As summer heat follows the rain,
As shadow makes light more adorning,
So pleasure is heighten'd by pain.

Our life is a state of progression,
Though weary and rough be the way:
And ere we get good in possession,
Hard labour's the price we must pay.
Then pause not though dark and alarming
The sky in the distance may lour;
Press on;—there be regions more charming.
The sunshine comes after the shower.

Then list not your woe-begone lover,
And heed not your woe-boding friend:

The sooner your sorrows are over,
The sooner your pleasures will end.
When joy thus with sorrow is blended.
Oh, why should life's cup ever cloy;
Or why should we wish our woes ended,
When Sorrow 's the sister of Joy!

WHO WILL DANCE WITH ME?

Arise, fair maids and merry lads,
Arise to love and mirth;
Behold the light-hair'd laughing sky,
Behold the laughing earth!
The joyous spring-time comes again
In glory o'er the lea;
Hurrah! for a dance on the young green grass.
Come, who will dance with me?

Our shepherds pipe their oaten reeds.
Our maidens lilt and sing,
The linnet warbles on the thorn,
The lark upon the wing,
The cattle on the new-clad hill
Leap full of buoyant glee;
Hurrah! for a dance on the young green grass.
Come, who will dance with me?

Each glowing breast feels flooded
With a stream of life anew,

Each sparkling eye is glist'ning
With young May's rich blobs of dew.
Then joyous as the laughing spring,
Come, let us ever be;
Hurrah! for a dance on the young green grass.
Come, who will dance with me?

THE WIDOW.

The widow is feckless, the widow's alane,
Yet nae ane e'er hears the puir widow complain;
For ah! there's a Friend that the warld wotsna o',
Wha brightens her ken, and wha lightens her wo.

She looks a' around her, an' what sees she there,
But quarrels and cavils, but sorrow and care?
She looks in within, and she feels in her breast
A dawning o' glory, a foretaste o' rest.

The hope o' hereafter her lane bosom cheers—
She langs sair to meet him wha left her in tears;
And life's flickerin' licht, as it wanes fast awa',
But fades to gie place to a far brichter daw.

The God o' high heaven is her comfort and guide,
When earthly friends leave her, He stands by her side;
He soothes a' her sorrows, an' hushes her fears,
An' fountains o' joy rise frae well-springs o' tears.

Then, oh! show the widow the smile on your face:
She 's aft puir in gear, but she 's aft rich in grace:
Be kind to the widow, her Friend is on high,
You'll meet wi' the widow again in the sky.

THE SILENT CHILD.

"What ails brither Johnny, he'll no look at me,
But lies looking up wi' a half-steekit ee?
Oh, cauld is his hand, and his face pale and wee—
What ails brither Johnny, he'll no speak to me?"

"Alack, my wee lammie! your brither's asleep,
He looksna, he speaksna—yet, dear, dinna weep:
Ye'll break mither's heart gin ye sab ower him sae;
He 's dreaming—he 's gazing—on freends far away!"

"Oh, wha can he see like the freends that are here?
And whaur can he find hearts that lo'e him sae dear?
Just wauken him, mither! his brither to see,
I'll gie him the black frock my faither ga'e me."

"Your black frock, my bairn,—ah! your brither is dead!
That symbol o' death sends a stound through my head.
I made mysel' trow he wad wauken ance mair;
But now he 's in Heaven—he 's waiting us there."

THE DREAMING CHILD.

"Be still, my dear darling, why start ye in sleep?
Ye dream and ye murmur, ye sob and ye weep;
What dread ye, what fear ye? oh, hush ye your fears—
Still starting, still moaning—still, still shedding tears!

"Be still, my dear darling, oh, stay your alarm!
Your brave-hearted father will guard you from harm:
With bare arm he toils by that red furnace glare,
His child and his wife and his home all his care.

"But, hark! what a crash—hush, my darling, be still.
Those screams 'mid dark night bode some terrible ill—
Your father is there—death and danger are there!"
She bears forth her child, and she flies fleet as air.

A slow measured tread beats the smoke-blacken'd way,
On which a pale torch sheds a dim sickly ray;
The dreaming child's father and comrades forlorn—
Their dead neighbour home to a widow have borne.

The mother her baby clasps close to her breast,
"Your father is safe—my dear darling, now rest,
While I go to aid this lone daughter of sorrow,
God help me! I may be a widow to-morrow!"

THE ORPHAN WANDERER.

"O HELP the poor orphan! who, friendless, alone,
In the darkness of night o'er the plain wanders on,
While the drift rushes fleet, and the tempest howls drear,
And the pelting snow melts as it meets the warm tear.

"Press onward! a light breaks from yon cottage door—
There lives a lone widow, as kind as she 's poor:
Go! let your sad plaint meet her merciful ear,
She 'll kiss from your cold cheek that heart-bursting tear.

"I'm fatherless! motherless! weary and worn,
Dejected, forsaken, sad, sad, and forlorn!
A voice 'mid the storm bade me bend my steps here—
And told me the widow the orphan would cheer!"

"That voice was from Heaven—God hath answer'd my prayer!
My dead boy's blue eyes and his bright sunny hair!
Thou com'st, my sweet orphan, my lone heart to cheer!
Thou hast both a home and a fond mother here!"

MY COTTAGE MAID.

My Cottage Maid, my Cottage Maid,
Ah! long and weary ways I've strayed.
Afar from home, afar from thee,
Dear idol of my memory;
To whom my heart's fond feelings cling,
To whom my soul would fain take wing.—
All wealth, and power, and glory fade
Before thy light, my Cottage Maid.

Thy sylph-like form, that heath-clad grot,
That ivy-circled, thatch-roofed cot,
All lead my wandering fancy back
Along Time's hollow-sounding track,
To Nature as she wont to be
When, in my merry boyhood's glee,
A truant o'er the fields I strayed,
With love and thee, my Cottage Maid.

Ah! oft we climbed the whin-clad hill,
Where linnets warbled clear and shrill,

'Mong skipping lambs and bleating sheep,
'Mid goats that scaled each craggy steep;—
Then flower was pluckt, and tuft was shorn,
Then fence was leapt, and skirt was torn:
And there, in rosy bloom arrayed,
Sprung like a sylph, my Cottage Maid.

Or, when the gloaming lulled to rest
Each little flower on earth's fair breast:
And tall trees shook their leafy wings
'Mid nature's gentle murmurings,
And sense and feeling, sound and sight,
Were chasten'd by the falling night;—
How sweet in chequer'd forest glade,
To stray with thee, my Cottage Maid!

And there, while dark trees met the sky,
Obscuring tints of richest dye,
All golden though those tints might be—
Why, what were skies of gold to me,
When cheek to cheek, and heart to heart,
We both like timid fawns would start,
If one small ray pierced through the shade
That wrapt me and my Cottage Maid!

When heaven's pale brow was jewell'd bright,
And moon and stars shed floods of light;

Together would we wand'ring stray,
And strive to trace each glist'ning ray;
Yet not a light illumed the skies
So lustrous as those pure bright eyes
That with my trembling heartstrings played—
And told thy love, my Cottage Maid.

Oh, happy days! oh, happy hours!
Oh, life's fantastic fairy flowers!
Why fly those happy hours away?
Why do those fairy flowers decay?
On Time's swift wing all pleasures fly,
As autumn clouds fleet o'er the sky:
Now, low in earth my flower is laid—
My sun of life, my Cottage Maid!

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Och-on och-rie! Och-on och-rie!
I'm weary, sad, and lone;
And who can cheer the desolate,
When all their friends are gone?
The midnight wind that stirs the heath,
And wails with hollow moan,
Is laden with the voice of death,
And I am left alone.

Och-on och-rie! Och-on och-rie!
That ancient mournful strain,
Which echoes thro' each Highland glen,
Hath rent my heart in twain.
I gaze upon my roofless cot,
And on my cold hearth-stone,
I murmur, am I God-forgot,
That I am left alone?

Och-on och-rie! Och-on och-rie!
Still swells that melting air,

Blest spirits of my gallant boys,
I hear your voices there:
Ye fought—a Scottish Prince to place
Upon a Scottish throne;
Ye died—the last of all your race,
And I am left alone!

DESPONDENCY AND CHEERFULNESS.

"My wee bit helpless callant! oh, that look I canna bear!
Ye are seeking for a smile, an' I gie ye but a tear;
For oh! your daddie's heart wi' grief is unco sair oppress'd,
While ye are lying faulded to your mimmie's beating breast."

"Come, come, cheer up, my Johnnie, man, an' tak ye heart frae me,
I'll keep awa the saut, saut tear that bleers your kindly ee:
We're puir short-sighted mortals, sae let's aye hope for the best,
An' bury a' your cares an' fears within your wifie's breast."

"In vain ye strive to cheer my heart, my kind an' gentle dame,
When poortith's dark and dreary cluds are low'rin' ower our hame;
I canna get a stroke o' wark—oh, sair, sair is the test!
An' whiles, God help me! cruel thoughts rise swelling in my breast."

"Hoot toot, awa, my Johnnie, man, why wad ye fret an' mourn?
Although the times are hard e'ennow, they soon may tak a turn;
Be thankfu' for the mercies past, Heaven still will mak us blest,—
E'en now a daw of hope is rising in your wifie's breast."

And hark! a round, full manly voice shouts through the cottage-door,
"Hallo! Jock, lad, the laird's come hame—there's wark for years in store;"
The father started till his feet, an' wife an' wean caress'd,—
He felt that Heaven had a shrine within his wifie's breast.

THE AULD AUNTY MAIDEN

Oh, rosy are the eastern skies
At dawn o' summer mornin',
But brighter are the gowden dyes
The e'ening skies adornin' :
Oh pure the love o' her wha's charms
May grace the hamely plaiden,
But purer far the love that warms
The Auld Aunty Maiden.
Then twine it weel, then twine it weel,
Then twine it weel the plaiden;
There 's nane e'er twined or span for me
Like my dear Aunty Maiden.

Oh, how may hand-bound minnie get
Her tottums clad sae gaily?
The youngest aye is Aunty's pet,
Wha brings him presents daily.

An' wha wad tak the orphan's part
An' twine for him the plaiden,
An 'twerena for the kindly heart
O' his dear Aunty Maiden?
Then twine it weel, &c.

Oh, mutual love is mutual bliss,
Young mou's were made for preein',
An' when we pree the half-stoun kiss,
We 're gettin' whaur we 're geein'.
But there 's a love seeks nae return
Frae them wi' poortith laden—
A heart to beat for them wha mourn
A kindly Aunty Maiden.
Then twine it weel, and twine it weel,
Then twine it weel the plaiden,
There 's nane e'er twined or toil'd for me.
Like my Auld Aunty Maiden.

A PLEASING SURPRISE.

O WHAT a racketing and noise,
From morning until night,
These restless children make.—I'm kept
For ever in a fright.

A boist'rous burst of merriment
Rings pealing in my ears,
Anon discordant screams and yells
Awake my keenest fears.

I read, but cannot understand,
I try in vain to think,
My dizzy brain wheels round and round.
As if I were in drink.

Then in the bold insurgents rush,
When I would write or draw,
With "Sketch me this," and "Scrawl me that,"
"O there 's a dear papa!"

They're off, when lo! a sudden lull,
A silence hushed and still,
Steals o'er the house, like death, and makes
My blood run cold and chill.

But hark! now loud and louder screams
My tingling ears annoy;
"These screaming girls will drive me mad,
I wish I had a boy."

I ring the bell, I cry "Good nurse,
Cannot you keep them quiet?
A full brigade of boys could ne'er
Kick up so loud a riot."

When lo! the nurse placed in my arms
An infant young and fair,
"This is the boy who bawled so loud,
Come, kiss your son and heir."

THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

Speed on in thine impetuous course,
Speed on in thy resistless force,
Speed on o'er river, lake, and fen,
Speed on through valley, brake, and glen,
O'er fertile plain, o'er sterile hill,
Speed, speed, my soul flies fleeter still;
Time, space, alike are nought to thee,
And distant scenes are dear to me.

What though around on every side
Rich verdant fields stretch far and wide,
Though blending with the smiling sky,
Skiddaw's blue peak looms towering high,
Though far beneath in glist'ning gold,
Those lakes a double earth unfold,
Still wayward fancy wanders free,
And wafts dear Scotland's hills to me.

Come, stoker, come, more steam, more steam,
With smelting heat make furnace gleam;

That blazing mass come stoke and poke,
Send up vast sheets of flame and smoke,
Urge on with treble speed the train
That wafts me to my home again,
When wife and children, wild with glee,
Shall fondly bound to welcome me.

No drawing rein, no slacking pace,
No pausing in this matchless race,
No ceasing of that rushing song,
No wearing of those lungs so strong;
But ha! that whistle shrill and clear,
Chills every heart, strains every ear,
One stroke, one bound, ah! there may be
Sad hearts at home bereft of me.

Does sight, does reason hold their sway?
Proud London did I leave to-day!
We stop,—what next? groups gather thick;
We're home! we're home!—come, guard, be quick!
I'm answer'd by a counter claim,
"Papa, what hae ye brought us hame?"
And clustering round my neck and knee,
My wife and bairnies welcome me.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

Strike, strike, brave drum, thy startling note,
Strain, bugle, strain thy brazen throat:
Up, warriors, up! your country calls,
Up, thickly man your castle walls!
Let floods of flame dark night illume,
Dread foemen lurk amid the gloom.

With stealthy tread and pent-up breath,
The close-wedged ranks stride o'er the heath,
The rock they climb, the walls they scale,
Shots rattle thick and fleet as hail:
To arms! To arms! hoarse voices call,
In vain;—the assailants man the wall.

A thousand heroes start from sleep,
They rush to arms 'mid darkness deep,
Each musket raised with deadly aim,
Now vomits sheets of death-gorged flame;
And lights with fiery red the night,
That shrinking shuns the bloody sight.

Anon, anon, steel pressed to steel,
Down, down, the stricken warriors reel;
Again, again, heart, hand, and eye,
Fierce struggle for the mastery,
And dying shrieks and war-shouts tell
The horrors of a battle-hell.

The sun now gleams o'er tower and height,
And silence comes with morning light,
Victor and vanquished, which are they?
Alas! in yonder castle grey,
But few survive of either host
To tell the keep was kept or lost.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

What can a kilted callant do,
But like his gallant sire, man,
Baith learn to fecht an' conquer too,
Wi' Highland pith and fire, man?
The love o' hill, o' heath, an' hame,
Comes wi' his first-drawn breath man,
And Freedom beits the patriot flame
That bleezes bright till death man.

Your feckless, thowless, Southlan' brats,
Dang doyte wi' licks an' lair man,
May deave ye wi' their gabbin' chats,
But can do little mair man.
Their licks an' laws, their beuks an' taws,
Man's stalwart vigour kills man;
But gin ye'd see him bauld an' free,
Come to our Highland hills man.

Here ilka callant learns to wield
His dirk, claymore, an' a' man;

And scorns his limbs in breeks to bield,
For a' the blasts that blaw man;
And though they swear their lowland lear
Maks Britain great and free man,
It's our snell braes that gaurs her faes
A' cowerin' swarf an' flee man.

Hurrah for Scotland's laurelled fame!
Hurrah for Britain's glory!
Long may they wear their taintless name,
Lang shine in sang and story.
Lang may the voice o' Freedom ring
Through ilka Scottish shieling;
And lang may Britain's callants sing,
Inspired wi' kindred feeling.

THE SODGER'S LASSIE.

I WINNA hae a lawyer loun, wi' glib an' sleekit mou',
Wha gaurs the wrang appear the richt, gin bribed by muckle fee,
Wha plays at fast an' loose alike baith wi' the fause and true.
Nae twa-faced whomlin' whirligig shall ever wheedle me.

I winna hae the merchant chiel, wha's wealth is a' his pride.
Wi' treasures piled in ilka land, an' ships on ilka sea;
E'en let him woo Dame Fortune, and her fickle humour bide.
Nae sordid son o' Mammon e'er shall win a heart frae me.

I winna hae a loutish laird, wha talks o' wheat an' bear.
And brags o' acres stretchin' far ower mountain, muir, and lee;
Wha hoards kind Nature's gowden stores to keep the markets dear,
Nae wretch wha stints the puir man's caup need e'er seek grace frae me.

But gin a sodger, young an' brave, wha guards his country's
weal,
Wi' patriot ardour in his heart, an' daurin' in his ee,
Should ever seek to win my heart, wi' purpose true an' leal,
How dear the thought, that sic a heart should hae a neuk
for me!

A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

Tiny Posy, bright and fair,
Badge of friendship's tender care,
Pledge of kind and gentle heart,
Gems of nature, set by art;
Smiling group of lovely flowers,
From Bonaly's fairy bowers;
Types of youth and purity,
Oh, the joy ye bring to me!

Rose, come blush a deeper red,
Sweet carnation, raise thy head,
Slender harebell, nod and shake,
Lily, bend thy leaves to slake,
Mignonette and pansy fair,
With your fragrance scent the air,
While my thoughts in fancy roam
To your dear romantic home.

Memory conjures up the scene,
Holy, beauteous, and serene;

Mountain streamlet glist'ning clear,
Gurgles sweetly in mine ear;
Warbling bird and humming bee
Fill with music flower and lea;
Grassy banks with flowers besprent
Woo repose and calm content.

Bright parterres of flowers are seen,
Pathways lead through foliage green,
On to nature lone and still,
Furzy brae and heathy hill:
Fair Edina woos the eye,
Pentland's summits rise on high;
Grandeur, grace, and beauty reign,
O'er Bonaly's fair domain.

A FAREWELL TO A SUMMER HOME.

Fare thee well, dear sunny spot,
Rustic yard, and homely cot,
Where, afar from strife and noise,
Screened from busy tongues and eyes,
I was wont to plod and toil,
Turning o'er the rich red soil,
Checking every weed at birth,
Feeding still the grateful earth.
Every morn and evening spent,
Gaining health and sweet content—
Fare thee well!—yet, ere we part,
Let me tell how trig thou wert.

Beds of flowers blooming fair,
Fresh with fragrance balm'd the air.
While all deftly dressed and drilled,
Our kale-yard was densely filled—

With potatoes, peas, and beans,
Cabbage, turnips, leeks, and greens,
And our thriving berry bushes,
Brought us scores of minstrel thrushes:
Who, as hailing fellow-bard,
Gathered round me on the sward,
And with "frater feeling strong,"
Paid their supper with a song.

Then our children romped in play
Out of doors the livelong day,
Free in dress, and free of care,
Tanned with sun and flushed with air:
While among the half-clad elves
Their mamma fled like themselves,
Through the fields, and through the trees.
Off they buzzed like swarming bees,
Screaming, romping, laughing, racing,
Pouting, panting, daffing, chasing,
Till, aroused, their sage papa,
Ran and swelled the loud guffaw.

Merry neighbours, ancient trees,
Sang to every passing breeze,
And in happy unison
Danced to music of their own;
Shading lawns and trellised bowers,
Bounding Merchiston's grey towers,

Home of Napier, who of yore
Founded logarithmic lore.
Still around the hoary pile
Learning plays with rosy smile,
Merchiston knows no decay,
Twined with wreaths of Gibson's bay.

Far around in gold and green
Lothians' waving fields were seen ;
Sunny villas, nestling prest,
On Corstorphine's shaggy breast,
While Craiglockhart's foliaged brow
Gave Braid's whins a richer glow,
And around Carnethy's peak
Sunbeams played at hide and seek.
Gleaming in the cold clear north
Rolled the broad majestic Forth,
And the Lomonds' capt in blue,
Kissed the clouds and closed the view.

Not far off, nor yet too near,
Dear Edina was more dear,
Through the trees I wont to peep
At her rugged castled steep,
At her spires, and towers, and domes,
Hoary fanes, and happy homes,

Till with patriot ardour fired,
And with filial love inspired,
I invoked Heaven's blessings down
On my own, my native town,
As I now invoke on thee,
Happy home, to mine and me.

THE PLOUGHING-MATCH.

Let those who seek for festal sport
To ball and banquet-hall resort;
Let those who in the city choke,
Remain to doze, 'mid haze and smoke,
While we escape the Babel mass,
And to the free fresh country pass.
What though, 'mid early winter, now
The snow-flakes clothe each naked bough.
Though dark-brown fields are powder'd o'er
With gleaming stars of silver hoar,
Though cold east winds bite fierce and chill,
And howling sweep around the hill,—
Though infant ice, to curlers dear,
Begin to creep o'er waters clear,—
Though frost hath steel'd the wheel-track'd road.
It cannot yet have pierced the clod;
Then, on! this day 's the last we'll catch
To hold our annual ploughing-match.

Long have our ploughmen been intent
Preparing for this great event,

For twelve long months away have pass'd
Since parish ploughing-match was last,
And now, from youth to manhood grown,
Aspirants new for fame press on.
Each wears his garb of homely plaidin',
Spun by his own, his plighted maiden,
Who thinks her gift must have a charm
To fire his heart and nerve his arm,
And fondly hopes his triumph may
Haste on their happy bridal-day.

And now yon ample field behold!
Refresh'd by rest, the deep rich mould
Shall soon, by art impell'd, again
Yield generous crops of golden grain.
In phalanx ranged along the field
Are fourscore men of stalwart build,
Their hearts and limbs with vigour braced,
Their heads with broad blue bonnets graced,
Their massive steeds are champing seen,
Their temper'd ploughshares glisten keen;
When, lo! the starting signal flies,
And "High! gee, wo!" each ploughman cries.
Now, "Hup!" they're off,—God speed them all!
The game they play nor mean nor small,
Godlike in art, as well as aim,
Such feats give Science proudest fame,

To raise rich grain where heath had grown,
To grow two sheaves instead of one.

Now mark the work, how deftly done.
The ploughman, horse, and plough seem one:
And straight as arrow from a bow,
Moves on each well-directed plough;
The old lea ground, pierced to the core,
Is turn'd in ridges gently o'er,
And joys to feel the sun again,
That, gleaming o'er the crisping plain,
Makes plough and harness gleam more bright,
And clears the ploughman's falcon sight,
And by his rays tests each straight ridge,
As he were sole appointed judge.

The short-lived day hath nighly gone,
The sturdy ploughmen's task is done;
Athwart the field the judges pace,
With care and skill to mete and trace
The depth and width of ridge and fur:
No fault they pass, no flaw they slur,
Acute each judge, severe each test;
The prize is gained—Tam Ker ploughs best.

Eager the victor's name to hear,
Farmers and ploughmen gather near;

While Ædie Gray, in homely speech,
Regrets there 's not a prize for each,
And while he cheers those who have lost,
He warns the winner not to boast;
But Tam's broad brow and sparkling eye
Defy successful rivalry.

Hail! humble patriotic band,
Enriching thus your native land,
Compelling sterile muirs to yield
The trophies of the harvest field,
And crowning lofty mountain-tops
With generous and luxuriant crops.
Though humble labour be your lot,
Though by the rich and great forgot,
Though man, whose heart should grateful glow,
May not his benefactors know,
Your trophies gird Earth's ample brow,
And God will ever speed the plough.

THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

'Tis the charming month of July,
When one's thoughts become unruly,
Swelt'ring in the breathless town,
Chain'd to desk or counter down,
Sighing for the balmy breeze,
Dreaming of the leafy trees,
Gurgling stream and shady dell,
Rose and lily, cup and bell,
Broomy glen and heathy hill,
Nature tranquil, lone, and still;—
All before the fancy rise
In such dear attractive guise,
That, by wives and children kiss'd,
We no longer can resist;
Let the world wag as it may,
We must have one joyous day.

Now we mount our roomy car,
Noisy merry group we are;

Uncles, aunts, mammas, and pa's,
Boys in ducks, and girls in gauze,
Faces broader far than long,
Voices screaming joke and song;
Neighing steeds, with steel-clad feet,
Dash along the ringing street,
Whirling wheel and cracking whip,
"High! yo, yo!" and "High! yo, hup!"
Off we fly, fleet, fleet as wind,
Now we leave the town behind,
Now inhale the bracing air,
Onward to the village fair,
Ploughman's race, and whipman's play;
Jocund, joyous holiday!

On through hedgerows bright with bloom,
Spreading far their sweet perfume;
On through clachans, where a score
Urchins burst from every door,
Ducklings quack and chickens chick,
Wondering gossips gather thick;
Onward headlong, fearless, dash,
Let us raise the country clash,
Dash up height, and roll down steep,
Laugh at ruts and ravines deep.
Ringing through the welkin clear.
Drums and trumpets meet the ear,

Horse and foot the road hath cramm'd,
Now our lagging wheels get jamm'd.
Now the happy scene we near,
See the village spire appear.

Thick and thicker grows the throng.
Sweeping like a flood along,
Horse and filly, cart and car,
'Gainst each other jolt and jar;
Muirland herdsmen onward stalk,
This day's wonder all their talk,
Lovers arming onward press,
Reckless of their tussled dress,
Bairnies toddle, gaily chattering,
Housewives hobble, loudly clattering.
Grey-haired sires move slowly on,
Dreaming of like days long gone;
All the country far and near,
Old and young are crowding here,
This is labour's holiday,
All are blythe and all are gay.

Now we reach the village green,
Centre of the lively scene,
Tent and table, cart and stall,
Furnish tempting fare for all;
Gill-stoups clatter, bottles rattle,
Lovers whisper, gossips tattle;

Some are singing, some are joking,
Some are swigging, some are smoking,
Some are waxing wondrous jolly,
Some intent on roley-poley,
Sweety venders, gingebread huxters,
Pie, and tart, and biscuit baxters,
Stucco cats, and dogs, and polls,
Wooden horses, carts, and dolls,
Toys and dress in great variety,
Meats and drinks that brave satiety.

Hark! the sound of trump and drum,
Now the mounted whipmen come;
How their broad-hoofed steeds are prancing,
How their gilded flags are glancing,
How their silks and ribbons rustle,
How thick crowds around them bustle,
How they start, with stately pace,
Onward in th' inspiring race,—
Mighty prize! a new cart saddle.
How their horses fling and straddle,
Heaving divots far on high,
Shaking hoofs against the sky;
Merry shouts the victor cheer,
See his huge steed bound and rear,
While he gets his glorious prize
'Mid a thousand starry eyes.

Putting, wrestling, leaping, running,
Dancing, fiddling, drinking, funning,
Boist'rous mirth and jocund song
Burst spontaneous from the throng:
Games are played among your feet,
Reels are bobbit in the street,
Every victor feels more glorious,
Every tent grows more uproarious,
Still the louder, still the longer,
Still the weaker, still the stronger,
Till the night is far gone through,
And the tent lights glimmer blue,
When, in aiming for the road,
Many reeling press the sod,
And we homeward wheel our way,
Dreaming of the whipmen's play.

HARVEST HOME.

Hark! 'tis the voice of harvest home
That rings athwart the welkin dome,
And fields and forests, hills and skies,
Are clothed in bright autumnal dyes;
The gen'rous earth her treasures yields,
And golden sheaves bestrew the fields,
And sweeping fleet the rigs along
The bands of sturdy reapers throng
Gath'ring in heaps earth's bounteous load,
Hymning in heart, "All praise to God!"

Hail, happy field! hail, joyous sight!
Where manhood strong, and beauty bright,
Invest with life the laughing plain,
Each striving foremost place to gain;
From group to group the farmer flies
With cheerful tones and eager eyes,
He knows that friendly joke or hint
Works wonders when it 's kindly meant,

And sometimes ere the day be past
They lead the first who lagged the last.

Come now, your sickles nimbly ply,
Trust not that richly mottled sky,
For lazy vapours, grey and cold,
Are creeping o'er the distant wold;
Then haste, press on, no time for talk,
Come bind and fork, come lead and stack.
That mellow moon yields ample light,
Come, have your harvest-home to-night.
Nor leave ungathered on the plain
One single sheaf of golden grain.

The harvest moon, the harvest moon,
Praise God for that most grateful boon;
From dewy eve till grey-eyed morn
She scatters gold o'er ripening corn,
And flickering through the chequered leaves
She studs with gems the bristly sheaves.
And cheers the weary reapers on
Until their timely labour's done;
Then praise Him, morning, eve, and noon,
Who gives to Earth her harvest moon.

But, see the harvest maiden Queen,
Borne lightly laughing o'er the green,

With blushing cheek and sparkling eye
She waves her treasured prize on high ;
Admiring rustics strive in vain
Approving smile or glance to gain,
For her dear Sandy's coming soon
Far o'er the moor, 'neath that bright moon,
With her through yellow fields to stray,
And fix their happy bridal day.

The fields are swept, the barns are filled,
In long straight rows, huge stacks are piled.
In graceful forms they rise on high
Beneath the farmer's keen grey eye,
Who with artistic skill and care
Must have them built to taper fair.
Old grandame's fowls are clucking heard
Rejoicing in the rich barn-yard,
And happy groups of peasants come
To welcome jocund harvest-home.

The board is heaped with ample cheer.
And all are linked in friendship dear,
And on one level all are raised,
And all are pleased, and all are praised ;
Till roused by pipes and fiddles sweet
The happy groups start to their feet,
And dance, and skip, and cleek, and reel,
And bob, and bound, and whirl, and wheel,

Till floors and windows shake and clatter.
And distance whispers, "What's the matter?"

Hail, rural mirth and rustic glee!
Hail, honest pure simplicity!
With lively dance, and joyous song,
Your jocund merriment prolong:
And while your bosoms grateful glow
To Him whose bounties round you flow,
And while your thoughts are raised to Heaven,
Be 't yours to give as He has given,
Whose sun and moon illume yon dome,
Who gives you gen'rous harvest-home.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

While some with high aspiring aim
In lonely silence ponder,
And some in quest of wealth or fame
To distant regions wander,—
Let me, 'mid peace and plenty, glow
With aspirations warmer,
And keep the land from want and woe,
An independent farmer!

Our mountains high, though bleak and cold,
With ploughing and with sowing,
Have summits crowned with crops of gold,
With gold their sides are glowing.
Such scenes give Britain confidence
When foreign foes would harm her,
To rest her hope of sure defence
Upon her skilful farmer.

The morning breezes fan my cheek,
While happy hearts surround me;

And native worth and virtue meek
  Adorn the cots around me.
My fields by day, my hearth by night,
  My children and my charmer,
What home can boast such pure delight
  As mine,—an honest farmer?

Then let us pray, "God speed the plough!"
  God bless the land we live in;
May homesteads rise on every knowe,
  For worth and skill to thrive in.
When plenty loads our country's fields,
  What shock can e'er alarm her!
When He who rules the tempest, shields
  The honest, skilful farmer!

LAMENT FOR BURNS.

Oh, waesome and weary! oh, dowie and eerie!
Auld Scotland mourns wi' a heart sad and wae,
Her ee dimm'd wi' sorrow, frae eenin' to morrow
There's naething can cheer her since Robin 's away.
Her maidens sae peerless, her manhood sae fearless,
Her auld folk and bairnies sae couthy and gay,
Her valleys a' ringin' wi' blythe lasses singin',
Are now dull and lifeless since Robin 's away.

Ilk high misty mountain, and deep foaming fountain,
Ilk lown grassy holmlet and snell heathy brae,
Ilk clear burnie purlin', and dark torrent hurlin',
Are a' sheddin' tears for puir Robin away.
Ilk wee lavrock singin', its way to heaven wingin',
Ilk blackbird and mavis at gloamin' sae grey,
Ilk sweet mountain daisy, oh! wha now will praise ye,
An' gaur us a' lo'e ye, since Robin 's away.

I trow it 's nae ferlie, though baith late and early,
Dull daws the mornin' and dark fa's the day,

For why should lorn nature licht up ae bricht feature.
Since her true love Robin is far, far away!
Yet why should it grieve us though death did bereave us
O' that manly form now mouldering in clay?
The voice o' his spirit, rejoice still we hear it.
Its soul-stirring music shall ne'er dee away.

CARLE, NOW THE QUEEN'S COME!

CARLE, now the Queen's come!
Carle, now the Queen's come!
Thou shalt dance an' I shall sing,
Carle, now the Queen's come!

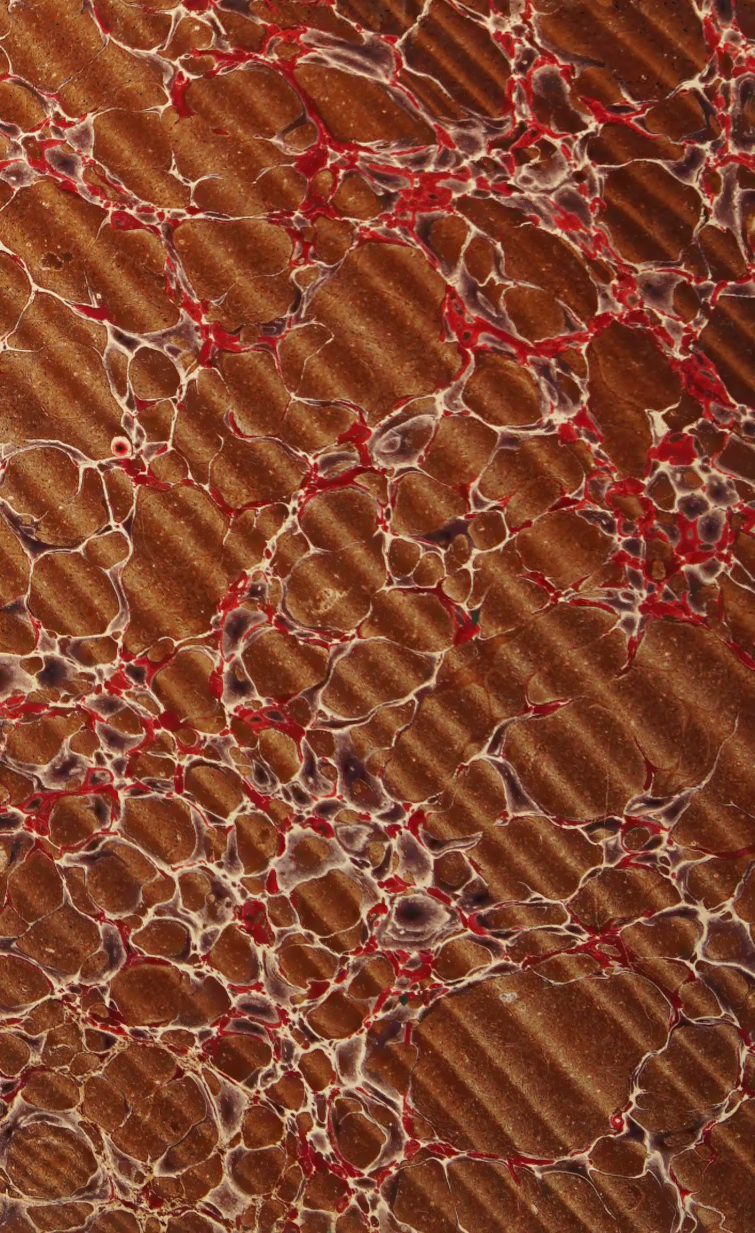
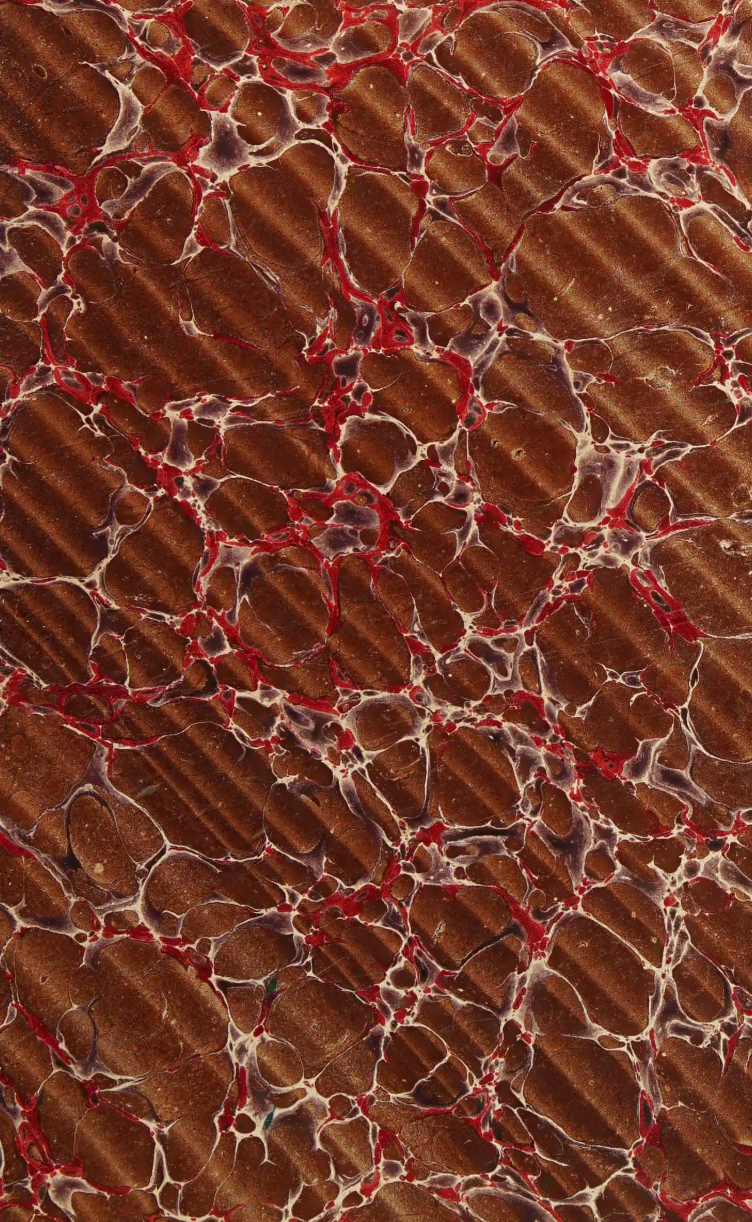
Come, Scotland, raise your mountain crest,
Gae bare your brow an' brave the best,
Let love and beauty fire your breast,
Carle, now the Queen's come!

The ancient Ha's o' Holyrood
Hae slumber'd lang in solitude,
But now her courts re-echo loud—
Carle, now the Queen's come!

She comes in chaste maternal pride,
The Princely ALBERT by her side,
Then shout through all your valleys wide,
Scotland, now your Queen's come!

And clustering round the royal tree
Are rosebuds bursting fair to see,
Wha'll bloom among our mountains hie—
Carle, now the Queen's come!

And mothers watch her mother's ee,
A' raise their toddlin' pets on hie;
Stand bye, and let the wee things see,
A mother and a Queen come!

Then hail wi' joy the royal pair,
Wha's love so pure an' race so fair,
Shall rule our hearts for ever mair—
Carle, now the Queen's come!

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